



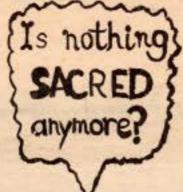
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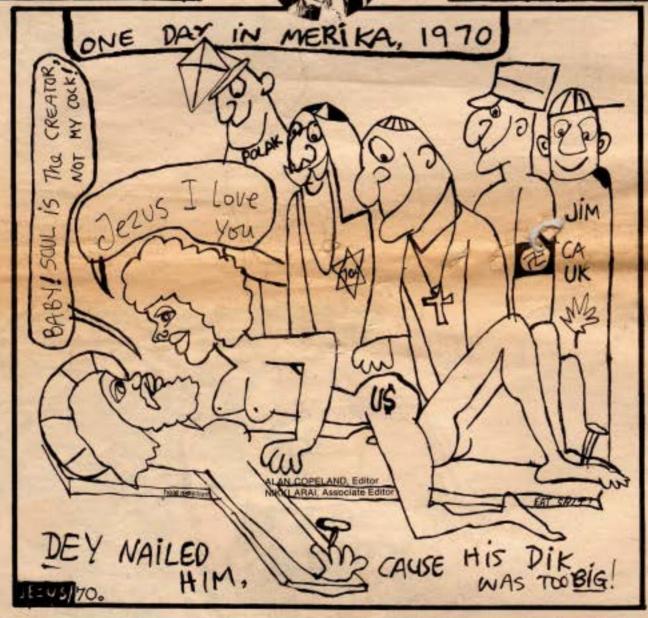


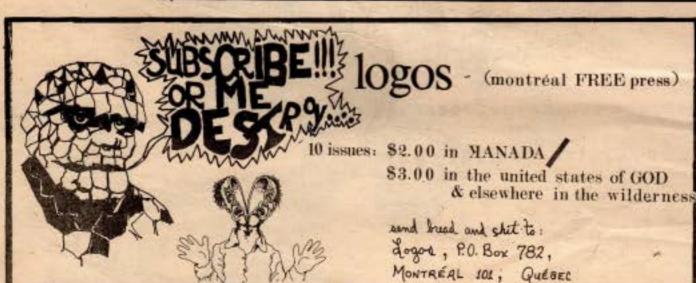




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EDUCATIONAL JUNG

Almost every child on the first day he sets foot in a school building is smarter, more curious, less afraid of what he doesn't know better at finding and figuring things out, more confident, resourceful, persistent, and independent, than he will ever again be in his schooling or, unless he is unusually lucky, for the rest of his life.

Before he came to school he would work hours on end, on his own, with no thought of reward, at making sense of the world and gaining competence in it.

In he comes, this curious, patient, determined, emergetic and skillful learner. He's sat down at' a desk and taught what? First, that learning is separate from living "you come to school to learn", as if he weren't learning before, as if living were out there and learning in here and no connection between the two. He's taught that he cannot be trusted to learn and is no good at it without that omnipotent wonder, storehouse of knowledge, the teacher.

He comes to feel learning is a passive

He comes to feel learning is a passive process, something someone does to you, not something you do for yourself.

Alot of nice noise is made in some schools, about respect for the student and individual differences and blabblabblab. But acts opposed to their babble tell students "Your experience, your concerns, your curiosities, your needs, what you know, what you want, what you wonder about, all this is not of the slightest importance. What counts is what they know, what they think, what they want you to do, think, and be."

The tracher isn't there to satisfy students'

The teacher isn't there to satisfy students' curiosity, and in most cases is discouraged from it, causing many young teachers to give up. All too many of whom continue on in the system broken to the myth, "that's the way it is, that's the way it has to be."

We need to get out of the schools to learn about the world firsthand. It is a very recent and crazy idea that the way to teach young people about the world they live in is to take them out of it and shut them up in brick boxes.

"But suppose they fail to learn something essential, something they'll need to get on in the world." If it is essential in the world we will find it and learn it out there. People remember only what is interesting and useful to them, what makes sense, of the world or helps them emjoy or get along in it. All else they forget quickly if they ever learned it at all. The idea of a "body of knowledge" to be picked up at school and used for the rest of your life, aquisition of which is certified, sealed and stamped on a piece of paper is assimine in our rapidly changing world where much of the knowledge we will need twenty years from now may not even exist today.

The most important questions and problems of our times are not in the curriculum, not in the universities let alone in the schools.

Check in any university catalog--see how many courses you find on such questions as Peace, Poverty, Environmental Pollutions, Exploitation, of anybody or anything, including your mind, body, life, for Profit and it ain't there, brother.

-Excerpts and Revelations from "The Underachieving School" by John Holt

rinting, sublishing & distribution



I was born no where
And I live in a tree
I never leave my tree
It is very crowded
I am stacked up right against a bird
But I won't leave my tree
Everything is dark
No light!
I hear the bird song
I wish I could sing
My eyes, they open
And all around my house
The Sea
Slowly I get down in the water
The cool blue water
Ch and the space
I laugh and swim and cry for joy
This is my home
For Ever

- Jeff, 5th grade

"Very different from the revolution at previous stages of history, this opposition is directed against the totality of a well-functioning, prosperous society—a protest against its Form—the commodity form of men and things, against the imposition of false values and a false morality."

-Herbert Marcuse, "Essay on Liberation"

You cannot adapt the putrefying forms of repressive society to revolutionary work. Form and content are inextricably bound together. When you accept repression. When you attempt to do revolutionary work within reactionary, bureaucratic structures, you become bastardized, contaminated by the death form. You cannot develop a high energy life force in a low energy death form. If you insist on "organizing" in bureaucratic, hierarchial structures, you become petty bureaucrats, armchair revolutionaries.

The very function of schools is to perpetuate

The very function of schools is to perpetuate the specialized, compartmented, commodity form of man. Children are sent to them, not to learn, but to be further enculturated and encumbered with the "imposition of false values and a false norality". Their function is to perpetuate the status quo. Their structure is based on the authoritarian, hierarchy pattern, with the teacher at the head, as the fount of wisdom, spewing indiscriminately on all.

The only way that children and students can be saved from contamination from this structure is to stay out, get out, of schools, as they exist in our present society.

Frank Zappu: "Drop out of school, before our mediocre school system rots your brain."

La Presse Populaire de Montre al lagrimerie, Publication de Diadre de Montre al lagrimerie, Publication de Diadre de Montre al lagrimerie, Publication de Diadre de Montre de Mo

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R.I.P. - OFFS

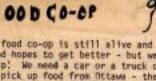
These individuals are enemies of the people. They have ripped-off brothers and sisters. If you know them, or of their whereabouts, ACT ACCORDINGLY:

Carleson Tuttle Susan Cochrane Axel Hartenberg Pauline Montagne Mitler Marcuse Paul Johnson Rose Heluska Ton Rose Gregory Smith Brad Johnstone Denis Bertrand Bubbles Jonathon Keith

The last of these people, but not the least - Jonathon Keith - is one of the most dangerous and reactionary of these pigs. His method of attack is mind-fuck, which is cool when applied to the mig system, but when it is used to demoralize and rip-off prothers and city of the middle of the most danger of the middle of the brothers and sisters of a community, having them tearing at each others' throats, all for some perverted sense of self ego and

gain, then we have a dangerous criminal on our hands. This is what Jonathon Feith is and has done in Berkeley, California and Montrdal. He was last seen on his way to the Montrdal International Airport - split-ing to Amsterdam by Jet - on ripped-off peoples' bread.

FOOD CO-OP



The food co-op is still alive and breathing and hopes to get better - but we need your help: We need a car or a truck once a week to pick up food from Ottawa - the co-op pays for the gas. WE NEED BREAD: In the pays, the food co-op has been operating on a pay now, eat later basis. Orders create in-numerable hassles - like ordering your food and because of the deficiency in rides to pick up the food, and the many other fuckpick up the food, and the many other fuckups, people sometimes had to wait weeks
for their food to come in. TRIS IS A DRAG!
But in the past, this has been the only way
of getting bread together to go and get your
food. Some people can afford to spare some
bread, some can't. If you can, anything
will help. We will then be able to have
large quantities and varieties of food in
stock, and your food may be gicked up at stock, and your food may be picked up at any time, and the bullshit "orders" trip and needless waiting for your food can be eliminated. We are also in need of some lumber, so shelves can be built for the co-op. And paint is needed to paint the

op. And paint is needed to paint the shelves and so on. If you can help in any way, come over and DO IT!

The food co-op has now or plans to have in the future (depending on your co-operation), large quantities and many varieties of food in stock, such as whole grains, whole flours, whole cereals, dried fruits, nuts and other groovy shit. Here is a partial price list of foods in stock or planned for stock: planned for stock:

> whole wheat flour......15/1b 1.30/16 figs (golden).....85/1b dried peaches.....1.25/15

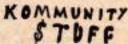
Oh yes. PLEASE BRING YOUR OWN CONTAINERS -







JARS PREFERABLY. This is your co-op, your food, your reason for being healthy.



God fuck the Kommunity. Tes, said every little formerfreek. Once there was radio under-ground, now there is radio trippydip. Once there was Community Switchboard, now there is kommunityswishbored. And even there was Tell-ItAsitIs, now there is drugfreakaid. Ah, if only the clinic could teach! For that, my dear departed Kamadians, is the total and complete list of kommunity services that exist

complete list of kommunity services that exist in the ghetto inner city for freaks. But I did furget the OINXOINKS, and don't knock them. Ask hizzoner J. Flag what he thinks of the dirty hippies and he will tell what the POlice should do. He is at least not a hypocrite. So much can't be said for those hippie freaks at all those other organizations. LOWELOVELOVE.

The Youth Clinic, at 3658 Ste. Famille, is the only place where everyone can go and receive what they are supposed to. Like when the clinic says they are having a medical might, there are always doctors (bless them). They have shrinks too. And the staff at the clinic will always help with the problems that are brought to them. All these services are really helpful, and you don't have to go thru a lot of shit to get them. They are free and the people there really do care.

The people at the clinic are really fine people. For over two years they have been running an excellent service. It is unfortunate that so few of them have seen fit to get into new things and create new organizations to help freaks. They have done well with one organization, so they might do well helping the fucked-up organizations in the community.

freaks. They have done well with one organization, so they eight do well helping the fucked-up organizations in the community.

Then there is Drug Aid. Once it was Tell-ItASILIS. They got a grant last October of \$120000 for three years to do some kind of weird experiment. Drug Aid was created around the beginning of the summer to do crisis intervention in drug cases (it sume feels strange to be bummed down off an acid freek by some rapid firing wired speed freek who has just cranked-up in the Drug Aid bathroom). At first it was completely facked-up; one director split without notice, another resigned finally Rob took over. They closed their drop-in centre and applied themselves to their task. While the majority of the steff nembers are good people, at least on

staff numbers are good people, at least on
is still there who has fucked up my head and a
number of other people's.
About the end of August I was tripping and
had too much speed and acid in my body. With
difficulty I got it across to the other people
I was with who were also tripping that I I was with, who were also tripping, that I needed some valium and that we should go to Drug Aid. About 4:30 a.m. we got to Drug Aid. The staff member on duty said they had no valum and that we should try the VIC. As we left he said, "Hontreal is a great place to trip!" Thanks. We were back there ten minutes later because we could not remember where the VIC. was. They were very helpful. He said they didn't know either. Never asking why we were going to so much trouble to find some valium, he waved goodbye and repeated, "Montréal is a great place to trip." That put the people I was with almost completely out of their minds. We finally found the VIC. over half an hour later and it took two shots of valium to bring me back to a same state. Incidents like this, have happened more than once; Hey, Rob, please make the staff more august.

the staff more even.

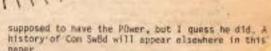
Originally this next section was supposed to concern itself with Community Switchboard. I worked there until 60% of the staff was fired by the quote co-ordinator upquote, who was not

ACHETEZ LES FLOCONS (8) D'AUDINES DE LOGOS UN REPAS HAUTEMENT NUTRITIF

POUR SEULEMENT QUELQUES SOUS. COMMENCEZ CHACUNES DE VOS JOURNEES AVEC DES FLOCONS D'AVOINES.







HIIIIII

Redio Underground. Montréal got theirs last fall. Tribal radio. Community radio. Kommunity radio. Kommunity radio. Kommunity radio. Kommunity radio. Kommunity radio. Kommunity to it. Experimental The announcers were all new at it. There was not the greatest professionalism, but there was an honest attempt to be reactive to the people it served, the ones who are the so-called freaks. There was an excellent mixture of good-un-top-forties music and dialogue, including dialogue with people and spectimes about things Political. Over the months CKONFM has transformed itself. For a while it drifted towards experience gaining but then the ratings (fascist) caught up with it and they began to be slightly more commercial. A few songs that were hard rock here and

there. And rusors that it was going to go to there. And rusors that it was going to go to a format of 24-hour straight music. Perhaps IM's appeal to its listeners worked, but we all do notice a gradual shifting away from things POlitical. While the FM is still Kommunity-minded, and people can call up and express their opinions on the air (if and when there is some one there willing to enswer your call); don't

try being too arrogant with their switchboard operator, "Mr. I is very busy at the moment interviewing a famous rock'n'roll star and doesn't want to talk to you. Peace'. Click.

Go has no regular newsprogramming of interest to the community. The closest thing that existed to a news program, the Switchboard broadcast, has now been cancelled and in its place are announcements phoned in by Switchboard and done by Tim Forsythe between commercials. Last time GH was really responsive to the Kommunity was when Logos took it over [remember?]. Now, nothing POlitical. Only (remember?). Now, nothing POlitical. Only the sponsors...OM...radio undergr...radio trippydip.

You are now reading Logos. From what I understand it is changing. It is about time. understand it is changing. It is about time. The infamous lack of responsiveness to the Komunity is going, we hope. The point to make is that while revolution is nice, "violence will not change people." Knowing that they have brothers & sisters, will. So you devote some pages to revolution with a violent r, and spend the rest telling people that they have brothers & sisters, and showing them how to get together. With Community Switchboard not being an efficient means for heads getting into contact with other heads to do something. Logos must try to fill that gap. There has been a great lack in Logos of information on Logos must try to fill that gap. There has been a great lack in Logos of information on what is happening, and on what people are into and on what things that they would like to get together with other people. A quarter of a page on what is happening and a few lines of mennic antice to get together with other people. people wanting to get together with other brothers & sisters on something is not community, it is trash. CHAMGE CHAMGE REVOLUTIONCHAMGE. In 1968 there was The Clinic, Contact, Logos. In 1970 there is little more. The quality is

the same. It looks better but looks are de-ceiving. If anything it is more fucked up than before because then everybody knew there was almost nothing in the inner city ghetto. Now unfortunately people seem to think that some-thing has improved. There is only more money for hip social agencies. The government, the

REDCROSS' the MTL social agencies. They give a pittance from guilt. And they got so fucken much. The hostel...guilt. Switchboard...guilt. Tell it...guilt. People earning more from the straight world to "help" their brothers & sisters? Brothers, & sisters let us help ourselves. There is no feed-in. No free There isn't even a drop-in centre near the There is no feed-in. No free store ghetto for the heads to relax in. Logos will co-ordinate efforts. If you have any ideas tell them and they will help you to get in touch with other people who want to do the same things you want to do. Let us make a revolution prothers & sisters. The straight The straight society will crumble from within if you let it.

- Orestes

PRACTICE RUNNING

Walk everywhere you can, and practice running up mills, and jumpin' over cars and out of win-Take different routes and know your turf. The slow, stupid freek will be the first to go. Remember, the life you save, may be your own.

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A SMART PURPCAN

EARN

BIG MONEY

MONTREAL Magic

Montréal is a magic spot, and years ago, the people built buildings befitting a magic spot. Like all the houses on Aylmer, Durocher-the whole ghetto area, the Notre Dame Cathedral, and all the old buildings around Montréal. Climb on a roof in the ghetth, and you can see all the domes, and spirals, and bubbles, and

all the dowes, and spirals, and bubbles, and
the trippy woodwork.

And then a wave of carbon monoxide, food
coloring, and all kinds of plastic gas started
to blow up from Amerika - plastic was born.

And big ugly grey buildings were built,
and big ugly roads were built for the pig power cars from Amerika. Hens minds did close,
and many old buildings were covered with plastic
store fronts, and the people were ashamed of
magic.

And yet in spite of plastic, the magic is still here, and most of the good old build-ings still stand, but the plastic says the ghetto must go, and big ugly grey buildings
must replace the goodness of old. And the
people just stend around dumbly and watch the
buildozers mow their magic city down, and watch DOZERS

the Sist state rise.

I must say no, you must say no. A magic spot is a place for the wise.

Lets take down the big ugly grey buildings and use the stones to build a wall to stop the place of the plac

the plastic flow from Amerika.

And then we can turn this city into a gardem, a decent place to raise children. And the new buildings we build will be temples of

ENSIDE DOPE

The driver of a light brown Chevrolet ('68 or '69), license number 2N - 0581, who works the Alymer - University (student ghetto) strip and poses as a taxi driver, is actually a mealy-mouthed undercover pig. The suspect was last seen patrolling the ghetto region in/chev, anxiously looking for his next long-haired fare/prey. We comes on almable, seemingly sympathetic towards the whole long-haired dope complex. If the freek is foolish enough to take the bait, and I'm sume many do, then this pig will sap out info and pass it on to head-quarters. He may not learn much, but think of all the little bits and pieces that he has managed to collect and pass on to HQ. Con't you seer it's like filling in a jug-saw puzzle'. Consequently, 3 and possibly more busts in the ghetto region in the past month have been attributed to this snopping pig and more are planned for the yearly Autum Kleen-up, which is scheduled to begin VERY VERY 500M. Don't say you weren't warned. If you spot this NARK AR, with or without pig driver, act accordingly.

A WORD OF CAUTION: If you live in the student shells region, walk and don't take a cab.

A WORD OF CAUTION: If you live in the student ghetto region, walk and don't take a cab. If you find it absolutely necessary to take a cab and the driver starts inquiring about all sorts of weird that - KEEP YOU MOUTH SHUT!!! Also, don't give the driver the exact address you want off; get out about a block or two from your destination. It's better to take a few precautions to-day, than to bemoan your fate tomorrow in a jail cell.

If you own a telephone, and you have reason to believe it maybe bugged, then dial this number. 521-1111. It is a public service, brought to you by your friendly local Bell Telephone Kompany in Montréal (this is actually a service provided by korporations to keep other korporations from bugging each other's phones, but you can use the service anyway. It works.)

If when you finish dialing, you get a busy signal, your phone is bugged (most probably from the Bell Tell itself, - it's illegal in Kanada - but they still do it anyway what the fuck! They're the law.) Phone up the Bell and demand to know why the fuck your phone line is being bugged and sound really pissed off. Chances are this will

really pissed off. Chances are this will

& COMMUNITY

Everyone who makes his living by making clothes, belts, candles atc. etc. knows the burner of going into a headshop of boutique and asking the LONG HAIR behind the cash register if he'll buy your stuff. He'll say; quote, "Now, man we don't have enough bread this month, but we'll take it on Consignment." Then the pig will double the price you ask for and sell it to the people.

What we want to get together is a list of real headshops and semi-decent boutiques that real headshops and semi-decent boutiques that pay cash for goods, and ones that take 30 percent or less of the selling price for goods left on consignment. They sell faster and keep peoples' goods at peoples' prices, So if you own a place, or know of a place, send the information to Community Crefts Dept., c/o Logos, P.O. Box 782, Montréal 101, Québec. Then we'll have a List made up, and anyone interested in huying at peoples' prices, and setting a good price for their goods can walk to, or call Logos. Loros.

YOUTH CLINIC PRESENTS : THE STORY OF

VENEREAL DITEASE
Venereal disease is gotten by physical contact, almost always sexual contact, with a person who has the disease. It is not gotten from toilet seats, or thru the

GONORRHEA (clap, a dose, the whites)

STOP

THE

BULL-

Signs of gonorrhea: 2. Burning with urination. This usually begins four to nine days after ex-posure. It is almost the only e-rly sign of gonorrhea. A woman may have no early signs at all.

Pus discharging from the sex organs.
This is a latter sign and means the infection is well established.

3. Pain in the genital area, or deep in the polvis. By this time, there is a good chance the person may be sterile. A woman may need to be hospitalized and have her uterus and tubes removed.

4. Gonorrhea can cause sterility without treatment and is very infactious. There is NO BLOOD TEST FOR GONORRHEA. Its presence can be proven only by examining the discharge from the genitals. Gonorrhea is most often diagnosed in women because a man with whom she has had sex gets the disease. Early and adequate treatment will prevent any complications.

SYPHILIS
Signs of syphilis:
1. The chancre. This usually looks like an ulcer, pimple, blister, or open sore. It is the first sign that someone has come in contact with syphilis, and has come in contact with syphilis, and usually appears two to three weeks after exposure. It is most often on or near the genitals, but the chancre can appear anywhere on the body. In men there is usually painless swelling of the lymph glands near the chancre. In women, both the chancre and the swellen lymph glands may be hidden inside. The chancre will disappear by itself, but the germs are still present, and the infected person still present, and the infected person can infect others. Much later, sometimes many years, syphilis will cause heart disease, arthritis, blindness, or death.

pressure the fuckers into debuggering you phone line (because they don't want a law-sult on thier hands as they are not quite sure who they are dealing with.) If not, you maybe able to find a liberal lawyer who will take your case and you may get something done that way. The system maybe repressive, but there are still some checks, and if they are used and manipulated in the right ways, one can have the pig system tearing at each other's throats. Don't be afraid to exercise your apinion. 00 IT!

If when you finish dialing, a high-pitched constant screeching is emitted then your phone line is not bugged.

your phone line is not bugged.

If the first couple of times you dial, the sound emitted is that of a busy signal, and then the next morning of many hours later you dial, and a high-pitched constant screeching is emitted, them you know that the Man is on to you. Chances are you will dial a couple of days later and hear the busy signal again. This on and off bugging means that the Man isn't bugging your phone line from the Bell Tell, but from next door, in the cellar (if you live in a building with a cellar below your apartment), or very close by.

your apartment), or very close by.
Romember, you cannot be convicted in Kanada yet for what you say on the phone if your
line is being bugged and your conversation
is being recorded. BUT DO NOT MENTION TIMES, PLACES, OR WAMES - KNOW WHAT I MEAN?
BE CAREFUL!!!

AH IT'LL GO AWAY MAN

Syphilis is treated the same way as gonorrhea, so act accordingly.

If you think you have either of these diseases, and you can't get off on the bureaucratic-bullshit-bungling that goes on at most hospitals, then SUPPORT your local Youth Climic.

JEANNE MANCE (Downtown) - 3658 St. Famille

Hours:
Gen. Medical - Mon. Med. Fri - 7pm - midnight
Gynecology - Tuesday - 7pm - midnight
Psychiatry - Thursday - 7pm - midnight
Monday - Friday - 2pm

Synecology - Tuesday - 7pm - midnight
Psychiatry - Thursday - 7pm - midnight
Clinic workers are in Monday - Friday, 2pm
uhtil midnight for general work and emergencies. TELEPHONE - 843-7885 24 hours.

MESTMOUNT - 4424 St. Catherine St. W.

MeSimoon

Hours:

Gen. Medical - Tue - Fri - 3pm - 6:30pm

Gynecology - Monday - 5pm - 7pm

Counselling - Tue - Fri - 2:30pm - 5:30pm

Clinic workers are in Monday - Friday, 12

noon - 8pm for general work and emergencies.

TELEPHONE - 932-3338 (Doctor)

932-3811 (Counsellor)

932-0577 (Youth Workers)

DIRECTIONS: Take Metro to Atwater, then the

DIRECTIONS: Take Metro to Atwater, then the 103, 104, or 78 bus to Metcalf & St. Catherine

N.D.G. - 3864 G1rouard

Hours:
Gen. Medical - Thursday - 7pm - 11pm
Gynecology - Wednesday - 7pm - 11pm
Psychiatry - Tuesday - 7pm - 11pm
TELEPHONE - 488-8310
DIRECTIONS: Take 24 bus to Atwater, then

105 bus to Girouard (past Decarle). COTE ST LUC - 8029 Cote St. Luc Road

Hours:
Gen. Medical - Hom, Wed, Fri - 7pm - 10pm
Gymecology - Thursday - 7pm - 10pm
Psychiatry - Mon. Wed, Fri - 7pm - 10pm
TELEPHONE - 487-5553 (24 hours)
DIRECTIONS: Take 24 bus along Sherbrooke,

THESE CLINICS BELONG TO YOU. SUPPORT THEM!!



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It is very difficult to understand the institution known as Community Switchboard and I for one scarcely have any idea of why certain things happened during the course of the last six acontra. Everyone who has answered the phone, or walked through the doors, or even called has had an influence. Throughout the course of these major influences, certain patterns develop. With these patterns I am concerned.

It is my intention to write a fairly short article on Community Switchboard and its history. The reason that I feel I should write it is that I have been with the organization since its beginning and therefore have a knowledge of the entire panorama of CS. But there is also the major drawback that because I worked in the organization for so long, I can be far from inpartial. Be that as it may, I will write this trying to make any prejudices that I am aware of explicit. It is my hope that at least a few people will be interested in this history.

Switchboard was born a Pisces. I am not into astrology enough to know whether organizations are influenced by the stars like people are, but I should imagine so. Anyway, the conception came about at a meeting at Jarred Peinsmith's house on Sunday, March 8. I had been at the Youth Clinic belging stamp papers when they went off to the meeting and I went along. The purpose was a discussion of what had been happening in the community (inner city freaks) during the preceeding winter. Present were about 10-15 people, including: Jarred, Cual, Johnstham, Ann, myself (Orestee), and CKOM-fm. The fm was there to make a tape of the meeting for broadcast. The meeting was so bad, mostly it was trivial Political discussions, that the fm never used the But during the course of the meeting someone suggested that what the community needed was a telephone service to tie people together: everybody could then know what was happening and could get together with their brothers and sisters on things of common interest. The idea would be that there would be no need for freaks to hibernate all winter as was the common practice. The idea was well received and someone suggested that it be called Community Switchboard. Jarred, who was at the time working at University Settlement, offered his office and the use of their phones for the project and a schedule was made to start operations the next day. There was a great deal of enthusiasm, and it was agreed that the hours of operation would be 11 a.m. - 10 p.m., Mon.-Fri. and 11-3 Sat., about the same hours that the Settlement

The next day Switchboard opened. Jarred's office was small, but sufficient. CKOM-fm gave us a great amount of publicity and started doing a daily broadcast for us on Greg's show, just after 6 p.m. At first every organization in the inner city area was called telling about our existence and service. That first day a few calls came in including requests for things wanted to buy and sell and requests for rides. A wanted and provided file was made and a ride list started. Calls were logged on separate sheets of paper and later transferred neatly into a hard-covered book.

From the start, Jarred kept to the background in the operation of CS. He offered advice and help where necessary, but it was never his intention to run it. He saw himself as somebody to be somewhat on the outside, insuring SH's continued existence, but not on the inside running the new service. Easily, he could have run the thing if he wished to and he is to be admired in seeing how important it was for SH to be a community effort. Instead, leadership fell naturally to Cual. He was not a dictator or anything like that, rather, people turned to him for advice and he became in a sense a focal point for the operations.

By the end of the first week SB was functioning well. It had moved from Jarred's office to room 312 in the Settlement, which was much larger. Here it began collecting clothing and amanged all but one of the back issues of logos in multiple numbers for distribution (free). EB was at the Settlement until the end of March. By then the volume of calls had increased to 50 a day. They included almost all types: (partial list) referrals to inner city groups and other groups, requests for jobs, rides, food, clothing, moving jobs, things wanted and provided, legal aid people volunteering, and people who just wanted to rap. An average day saw 40 people pass through the office, many staying for long periods just to rap. Many of the people who care in needed a place to crash and a crash pad file was started. The place had honestly good vibrations.

The people that I can remember being involved in SB by the end of March were: Johnathan and Ann, who had already left, Cual, Steve Aikenhead, Steve Gallagher, Bancy, Ehené, Larry, Janice, St. John, Weird Harold, Allan, Irwin, Sharon and myself.

The first crisis the EB faced occurred because the Settlement had only given us until Easter in our office and we had to move out by them. Since the second week, most of the people in SB had been looking for a building to move into without success. At first it had to be a free building, but then nearer to Easter CKOM said they would pay the rent for a few months. For some reason, no building was found by Easter and Jarred arranged it so that we could stay in the Settlement over Easter when the building would normally be closed (and almost lost his job there). But SB absolutely had to be out by the next Wednesday (April 1) and would have been out on the street but for the generosity of Aquarian Design, who allowed us to use their front office temporarily with one phone line until we found a place. We moved into Aquarian April 1.

At Aquarian the hours were noon - 10 p.m., Mon.-Fri. It was a very pleasant place (the interior decoration was magnificent), but we had to limit the number of people there to about 3 or 5 because there would otherwise be too much noise and crowling. So SB ceased for a while to be a neeting place of people. The phone service continued in approximately the same way as before.

During this time Cual became less interested in SB and spent less time there. Much of the leadership fell to Steve Aikenhead and Hancy in the same way that it had fallen to Cual before. Mancy and Steve spent much time at Aquarian answering the phones. It was harder to staff the phones here because it was further away. and so it occasionally happened that the service did not start until 2 p.m. In general, SB at this stage was quite responsive to the community it served.

One of the strange things about SB was the makeup of the people who staffed the phones. While the service was founded to bring together an inner city community, most of the people who were on the phones were from the suburbs. Many of them were quite young and inexperienced as well. It was not that heads from the inner city were not velcome, but rather it seemed that they were totally uninterested in the community aspects of the phones. This point is one I cannot stress too strongly. It is probably the scat influential in determining the whole history of SB. At all stages of SB there were always complaints that SB was fucked up. But note, the unfucked up community never came into SB to lend a helping hand.

Finally 68 gct a new building. It was located at 262 St. Catherine west. The lease started May 1 but we were able to move in about April 13 because the Playwrite's Workshop was kind enough to let us, Thanks also should be given to Jim Lesson, since be lived with us until May 1. The telephone was located in the corridor between the front room and back office (in which Jim lived). The service was going from fairly early a.m. to late p.s. at the beginning. The operation was similar to Settlement in that we had to respect the wishes of the Playwrite's Workshop. People often came in to rap. It was a peaceful place with real good feelings. Soon after we noved in (from the log it seems like a matter of days), SB went 24 hours. There were very few calls at might, but always somebody to answer the phone.

The move to the new building was not universally accepted. Cual in particular, felt that by noving to St. Catherine St. SB would be cut off from the ghetto. From the later results I would say that Cual was completely right. Unfortunately, at the time there was a great sense of desparation on everybody's part and nobody really thought of this at all. It is only in retrospect that it is obvious. As a result, SB tended to be more transient oriented than ghetto oriented.

At this time SB had almost no money. The rent was to be paid by CKOM and the only source of income was private individuals. This money sufficed for a long time to pay the phone, buy stationery and sometimes feed a volunteer. All the volunteers were unpaid. Everybody was a volunteer. Everyone was in good spirits.

About May I many things changed. Jim Desson moved out and the phone was moved into the back room where it is now. SB had become a drop-in center for many people. There were many transients who needed a place to crash. And many volunteers were beginning to sleep in the SB building. About this time it become obvious that the SB was not working as well as it would be liked and the probable reason was that the people weren't together (didn't know each other well enough). It was decided that the SB volunteer staff should move into the SB building and make SB their home. About 70 people were called staff for this purpose. Only 10-15 moved in. The place was SB's home and there were communal meals for whomever happened to be there. The place resonated reasonably good feelings for a while.

The unfortunate thing is that the idea didn't work and people didn't get really together. There was also the problem (more theoretical than real actually) that by saying such and such could, live there and these were staff, the risk was run of closing off the place to everyone else and it would then cease to be a community thing. That didn't happen because smybody who wasted to work for SB could still join the communal living arrangement. The communal meals tended, at least at first, to be open to anyone who happened to be there at the time. In fact, usually a collection was taken up to go out to buy the meal.

In the first half of May many problems developed. The first was that speed freaks were taking over the drop-in center aspects of the SB. They were shooting up in the place and it was thought jeprodicins the continued existence of the place. The volunteers answering the phones and living there could not cope. And many of the volunteers had, by this time, no other place to live. Bo a decision was taken that SB be closed to <u>outsiders</u> until the people were more together. Too bad in the long run. But what were the alternatives? Of course, people still came in from outside, but the rule was applied selectively so that <u>undesirables</u> were kept out. A very bad precedent.

During all this time the feelings were sometimes good and sometimes bad. It varied. Strangely enough, there were almost no pig hassles. In all the time SS has been in existence, they have been there maybe 10 or so times. There has been only one drug search which uncovered nothing, and one person was busted at another time after being followed by a narc. That is one of the more amoning things that I can see.

There was also an important change in the broadcast. Instead of our calling up Oreg at about six and giving him the info which he later read on the air, he suggested that we read it directly onto the air ourselves. After a while it was a basele trying to find someone to do the broadcast each day and gradually Jim Desson began to do it completely by himself every day. He expanded it to include news as well as announcements.

At this time larry tended to become the central figure in SB, similar to what Cual had once been. He became a kind of leader by concensus. Probably it was because people trusted him and thought his ability was high. He never had any more POwer than anyone else, of course.

I split towards the end of May and returned in mid-June. The vacation was necessary for my head. Most of the SB people had at some time or another taken a vacation. For SB was never just a job. It was a total experience which the people working there lived. The only change that occurred while I was gone was that the SB volunteer staff moved to the old Tell It As It Is staff house on Mutchison. This created the problem of staffing the phones because people were no longer living there. At times there was even mobody on chones.

there was even nobody on phones.

Arcmtl scan 2015











MONTREAL

The staff house tended to be much like HB was when the volunteer staff lived there. It became a general crash nad that got beyond the control of the people officially living there. By the beginning of August, when it was vacated, it was unlivable.

A good 50% of the calls to SB at this time concerned transient baseles. Before the hostel opened there were an average of AO people a night crashing at SB. The upstairs was a mess. It was open 24 hours so people were living there and not contributing. And most of the crashers contributed very little to the operation of SB. The opening of the hostel got rid of this problem.

Boom after my return there was much talk of money (for salaries) from the Ned Cross. It seemed that one of the stipulations was that there be two co-ordinators appointed, one french speaking and one english, who would have no special POwer in decision making. Jarred recommended that we take on Frank O'Brien. Now Frank at the time was unknown to most of us. He had been by occasionally after we had moved into the new building, but had not been there in the past couple of months or so. I was against anyone coming into SB in any special POsition without first working within the group for a while as any new person would. But, it was mentioned that Frank had lots of experience in the community and since we at 38 were desparate for help from somebody who knew something, he was accepted as co-ordinator (on the conditions that (1) he would have no hiring or firing POwers over the SB staff; (2) he would have an equal vote with other SB staff members; and (3) the organization would retain its more or less horizontal structure and not drift towards a verticle one.). No Red Cross money came through for a while, but Frank remained and worked. He mainly got into the money-raising and meeting-attending part of SB. Meanwhile, there had been small amounts of money coming into SB thru the work of Jarred. SB had gotten a truck by trading off a donated colour TV for it. SB received about \$1,000 during this time, the largest mart of it going to repair and support the truck, some going to the rent (CKGM, having money problems, had stopped paying it), some to phones, the rest to supplies. The truck did community service work and free or low-coat moving. Allan was the major driver.

Soon after Frank's advent, he decided that a body be formed (the body of eight) including all those who had been doing the work. Included in it were Frank (co-ordinator), Allan, Bob Tremaine, Bob Mainville, Bernard, Larry, Lee and myself. I had nothing to do with its founding and accepted it when presented with the fait accompli. All the listed persons were working very hard for SB. This was the decision-making staff. Notably missing were two young and very hard workers: St. John and Beidi. I believe that Frank was opposed to their being on staff because they were going back to school. They were put on soon after. The body made all fecisions and were the complete authority for SB. It was decided that nobody could be added or kicked off except by unanimous vote. This made SB more functional in that there were definite people in authority but had the drawback of being a closed group, thereby making SB less open and therefore less representational of the community.

About two weeks after the body was formed, there were Red Cross salaries coming in. The problem was that only students could be hired. Nost of the people in SB were non-students. At first SB was going to refuse the salaries because it would make us compromise our position and fack us up. The next day it was decided to accept them if the Red Cross would give them to non-students. Bo all the non-students went to SB University. At first there were five and later there were nine salaries.

Just after the news of the salaries was announced, plans were made for the \$witchboard \$taff to go out to the country (He. Perrot Y camp) for a weekend. The great hope was for the \$B \$taff to get "together". As usual, we got there four hours late. Once there, people enjoyed themselves and then Jarred got the people together for some sensitivity. Unfortunately Prank refused to play such games. So, we were forced to do sensitivity-trust things without him.

Most of the weekend was spent in long discussions among the group as a whole. People tried to tell other people what they thought and felt. Notable about the discussions were (1) the fact that nobody got together with anyone else and that everybody seemed to be distillusioned with everyone else, and (2) Frank's long discourse, wherein he talked about his intellectual interests and those of whis friends' and contrasted these with the barrenness and confusion of each and every other member of the \$taff (excepting Jarred, of course).

In sum, the weekend did not further the aim of getting "together" and was only successful in that it allowed a few of the people in \$B to go swimming for the first time that summer.

The money created problems. The people in \$B were in my opinion not ready to be paid for the work they were doing for free. No-body had any money, but they were surviving anyway. With the salaries people became attached to money which created a whole new reason for working at \$B. People from the inner city strangely now started coming into \$B. In the next month Phyllis, Zen and Kevin came into \$B. I am not questioning their competence, but the question to ask is where were they when \$B was really fucked up and there was no money. I had, in fact, never seen them before Frank invited them down (nesotion at Switchboard:--e.i. nepotion is defined as "appointing one's own grandmother for the good of the party."-- A. B.).

SB about the beginning of August was a very interesting place.
People were already becoming disenchanted. Before Kevin came into SB. Bernard had split for a vacation from which he returned three weeks later. About that time, Larry and Lee both split for the States. And then Kevin was put on staff.

The situation of SB at the end of August was: the staff was -Prank, Kevin, Zen, Phyllis, Allan, Bob Tremaine, Bob Rainville, Bernard, Heidi, St. John and myself. A schedule had been in effect for two or three weeks and was being followed in a so-so manner only. The phone service was operating about as well as it always had



been. There was a change though. Instead of one phone there were now three lines and four phones. Originally at a staff meeting it had been voted that a lines be installed, three being interconnected and one being the phone outside in the front room with a line in the office. Between that meeting and the installation of the phones, another meeting intervened. The phones were installed Wed.-Thurs. Frank decided to change the order without putting it to a vote at the meeting in between. He said that be had talked to many people. I did not agree with what he planned, but he did it anyway. It later turned out that some of the people he talked to had not really understood exactly what he was planning to substitute. At the next meeting I made a motion that we should have no co-ordinator (director), and was unanimously voted down. Because Frank was, by his own admittance, by this time, considered director by the people from whom all the money came. Still officially all decisions were made by a 2/3rds majority vote of the staff, except for adding or releasing staff members which was done unanimously.

SUNT -

At the end of August the telephone calls we had been getting continued to be mostly concerning transients and rides wanted. The volume of calls had on occasion gotten as high as 200 or 250 some days. By this time there were days when it was as low as 25 (the log may even list fewer, but often calls were not marked down). The people who had promised to take care of the front room were not, and the people who were supposed to work on the upstairs were not either. SB was fucked up. But then again it had always been. But indeed people tended to feel moderately at home when they walked into SB (at most times). Usually when somebody called up SB they got at least a reasonable answer on the other end and got help if they needed it. In other words SB was running an individually person-oriented service. Not quite efficiently, but not depersonalized in any way.

On Monday, September 7 (Labor Day!) a meeting was held of the staff. I arrived about an bour late. When I walked in I was told that 60% of the staff was fired (Bernard had already left and gone to Drug Aid two days before). I was, of course, one of those fired. My first question was by whom?—since I could in no way envision the staff firing themselves en mass. I was told by Frank. Now this astounded me since I didn't think he had the POwer. But it seemed he did. He had apparently gotten into a POsition where the people who decided where money got allocated in the city social agencies (Jean Issri of the Montréal Council of Social Agencies was present at the meeting) trusted him to decide who got and didn't get salaries in SB. It was under his complete control. So he had decided that the new salaries should go to himself, Kevin, Bob Tremaine, Bob Rainville and three others not on the staff and not then completely decided on. It was obviously possible to fight this in the sense that there were six (former) staff members who would have been difficult to remove bodily from SB. But, after the initial shock which lasted about a day, I decided that it was inname to argue with such a beautifully executed POwer play.

Today, on SB's 6th birthday, I spent an hour talking to the director—of SB who told me about what happened. He said that the method of decision-making would be a body of four (the four left-over staff members) who would decide on all important questions. The reasons given for the coup d'etat (my words) were that Frank O'Brien realized that something had to change drastically in SB or there would be no more money coming into it. Thus he saw that without money almost nothing could be done and so he had to do something like he did. He stated that he had talked it over with many people and that he had made the decision. He said that it was a very difficult moral decision which be bears full responsibility for. Thus he now has an organization which he feels can now accomplish what he wishes to.

The explanations as to why he let people go, as far as I can understand, are as follows: students who cannot work in the fall - St. John,

Heidi, Phyllis; persons who were not working hard - Zen and myself (partly); persons with whom he could not communicate and the differences between him and them were too great - Allan and myself. What Frank has done, in my opinion, is to completely modify and change the aims of SB in a very real way. The original reason why SB was founded was to enable a community to use it to find out what was happening in the world and to get together with their sisters and brothers on anything, no matter what that thing might be. It was always people oriented. Even so minor a thing as choosing a body of eight was against the community purpose of SB. The takeover that occurred on Monday night was much more against this spirit, in my opinion. Thus what has now evolved is a situation in which there will be much more structure. Instead of a horizontal structure, there will be a much more verticle POwer structure. my opinion that looks a lot like the Y or the Salvation Army. Since SB is so much smaller than these other organizations, the comparison is somewhat ludicrous, but is still possible as long as it is known as an exaggeration. What I see in the future for SB is more organization and much bureaucracy forming. This will create a situation where people are looked on less as individuals and more as ciphers. But, the situation will only tend that way and not go to the extreme. Instead of a super social agency, SB will be a hip (hype) social agency (a band-aid). Hip social agencies are like regular social agencies except that they are smaller, have slightly less bureaucracy, are run by hippie-type people don't hasele people just because they have long hair. Hip speial agencies are useful in that they cometimes help people (just like regular agencies sometimes do). But one thing they lack is an impetus towards revolution. My feeling was that furthering a nonviolent revolution was one of the main aims of SB.

Now don't let the above paragraph make anyone think that I will not call SB. It is not true. I would even call the Red Feather people if I thought they would help me. And SB, when it gets super-organized with the director and the other people employed there, will even be able to help me as many times as once a week, even. They will probably have an impersonal, bureaucratized 2b-hour telephone service 80% efficient. There is already a welfare clinic and soon expected to open is a legal clinic (with liberal lawyers!). They may even become an excellent social agency, just like the Red Feather one day! I just become the fact of the passing of one phase of the revolutionary struggle. Perhans its only nostalgie. Community Switchboard is six months old today. HAPPY BIPTHDAY.

Rugs....

Mescaline--Synthetic mesc. For about \$1.75 a hit. Brown cups (fair), pink take (poor-more speed than

Acid--\$1,50 s hit, White lightening (good-excellent), oronge wedge (fair-a little speed), orange sunskine (excellent), strawberry (poor-much speed), single dome blue (very poor - not add, it's speed). CASFION A new drug in town-PCV: effects are like very beavy sold or STP; cometimes sold as such. Solls for 50 cents a tab. Valium only extends the effects if you are burning on thin drug. Stay exey!! Bush-Any kimi or quantity. Good counts, \$70/ounce;

Gruss--Plenty of the killer weed back in town. \$109/ pound for Mexican (excellent); \$175/pound for local

(fair-good); \$15-\$20/ounce. (Note: Demlers! I would like samples and prices so _ in to give a more thorough report in this column of Notes the drugs in town gaing down - or rather up.)
There are drugs and there is JUNK. In JUNK I

don't only mean shit like heroin, morphine, methadone, etc., but also garbage like methodrine and all other speeds - the works.

Many of us know of the dangers of JUHK and what they can do to a person - a people. It's starting to happen here in Montréal - very heavily. It's already happened in New York and Vancouver and in still happening. In New York the Alack Penthern and other brothers and sisters are doing their best to combat this enemy, but they can't be everywhere.

You might have noticed lately the growing number of busts dealing with grans, hash, soid, etc., while there are relatively few busts happening related to JUNK in proportion to the flow of good drugs to JUNK. Inevitably, the flow of these Poisons keeps on coming and coming into town. If nothing is done soon, we will have a situation like the one in New York; the flow of good drugs being chosed off and the city being saturated with JUNK. Right now the pushermen is mixing heroin with methedrine and handing out free hits. When these people are naf-ficiently strung out, he will then eat off the meth-edrine supply to as many people who he has strung out on these "speedbolls", and then start punning heroin to them - which is a much more profitable

Inevitably, we could have hundreds and even thousands of our brothers and sisters (naive though they may be), dying a living doubt. The Fig System which manipulates this BIG MONIPUSS does it for more than monetary gain. People wired on JUNE and up trashing at each other's threats - ripping each other off - instead of lowing. Thus, the Pig benefits himself twofold: He pads his wallet with the sweet of our brows and he drains our energies by feeding as FEG SHIT POISONS, leaving us with no energy to combat the many other atrocities in the Pig System. This is more than just Politice, this is exploitation of our minds, bodies and souls in the lowest form! This is GENOCIDE! THIN IN

Those of you wiresdy on JUEK and went to get off, or those that can't understand why this article has been written - you're not just hitting up say ordinary shit - you're hitting up Pig's shit. s Pig doesn't eat his own shit! REMEST!!!! T the Fig's shit that he offers you and shore it down his throat. DON'T EAT FIG SHIT' MUKE THE PRILEAT HIS OWN!!! THE PROPER DECLARE TOTAL WAR ON JUNK!! GODDAM THE PUBLISHMAN!!!

THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH YOU -IT'S JUST THAT YOU'RE POOR" by Flower

Three weeks ago, when I first came to Montreal, I noticed that my eyes were yellow, and I had acute pains in my liver. I diagnosed myself to have serum hepatitis. I went down to the Youth Clinic who sent me to the Montreal Seneral Hospital. I stayed there over-night and got four different diagnoses (serum hepatitis; kidney infection; u-terus trouble--"You may need a hister-actory"; pelvic inflammation) from two iifferent doctors. At 2 AM they gave me a handful of ampicillin and told me

to go home. The pills helped the pain for a while. My eyes were getting increa-tingly yellow. When I started turning yellow--two weeks later--I got worried and went to St. Mary's Hospital, where they told me there was absolutely no-thing wrong with me and hustled me out the door so fast I didn't know what hit

The next night I became very seriously ill and had to be taken to the Royal Victoria Hospital, where they said I had hepatitis but refused to admit me, probably because I had no money. So what do I do?--Die in the streets?

They wouldn't even give me a needle or anything. Each time I went to a hos-pital, the people who took blood out of me were totally incompetent, and once I couldn't move my arm for days, once being hit up by an ambulance attendant (it is illegal for them to do so.) They didn't seem to care if they found a vein or not. I am now trying again to get admitted to a hospital.

I've been running around with hepa-titis for three weeks because no hospital ; dares to admit me. Because of this, there is going to be an epidemic of hep among the people that I have been hitting

Do you really give a shit?

Heat Wave

The heat wave continues....and continues... ..being quite obvious - regardless of that "te Dain" thing - that the Pig is out to bust right-eous dope (grass and acid in particular)...and heads.

About a month ago, 110 pounds of the golden weed was ripped-off by the Pig from a Montréal apartment, one brother being kidnapped. The number of commune busts in the Montréal vicinity has in-creased outrageously (going to the country?). I guess it's quite obvious that the "country" is no Jonger sacred refuge - if it ever was. Rip-offs of 75, 60, 40, and 100 pounds of grass by the Pigs from brothers and sisters living in the country, who had cultivated the righteous plant there. The latter of these criminal acts was committed when the Pig trespassed on the farm of Denis Vanier -minister of culture for the French-Canadian White Panther Party. Demis and Myriam Vanier are now out of jail on \$500. bail; their trial coming up in Montréal Municipal Court Oct. 13. They have charged with cultivating and conspiracy to traffic the weed. It is obvious that the Pig is out to get Denis and Myriam Vanier, all on account of their political beliefs. LET US NOT HAVE ANY MORE POLITICAL PRISONERS! YOU CAN HELP! SUPPORT THE DENIS AND MYRIAM VANIER DEFEMSE FUND.

The same day as Denis and Myriam were busted, 35 other brothers and sisters in the Eastern Town ships Region had their communes raided and were kidnapped off their land. Many are still in jail to-day

A house on Aylmer was broken into by the Pig Sept. 17. Thirty people were kidnapped and held a-gainst their will for almost 24 hours. All their clothes and belongings were ripped off by the Pig. At least a couple of these people were beaten vic-

lously by the Pig.
Steve was tripping - he was in good spirits.
Along came the Pig. UP AGAINST THE WALL MUDAFUKER:
Steve was kidnapped to Station # 10, beaten victously - so had that the Pig had to take Steve to the hospital - and when he was brought back to the Pig-sty, he was beaten again. He was held for 24 hours against his will, and released without charges, al-though he was badly bruised and marked. SOMETHIN'S COMIN' DOWN, BUT IT AIN'T GONNA BE

SIPPORT THE PEPILS AND MYRIAM VANIEP DEFENSE FINDS

Send donations to:

vie and Myrian Vanier Defense Fund, /o Logoe, .O. Box 782, betreal 101,

halbec.

REPERSED, NEXT TIME IT COULD BE YOU!!!

"Legalize it, or we'll take it in your blood!" - deais vanier

BLACK BROTHER BUSTED ON TRUMPED-UP CHARGES

In the middle of last August, Rod was busted. He was kidnapped off the streets of Montréal by two large pugs, taken down to Station #4, beaten victously and held against his will overnight. He was charged with refusing to circulate, resisting ar-rest, and attempted assault and battery of a POlice officer. ROD IS NOT GUILTY; that is, he was only trying to defend his life while being attacked by the pigs.

Brothers and sisters know the only rea-son for his kidnapping, his getting beaten by the pigs and the bullshit charges laid on him is because the colour of his skin is black.

Rod goes to trial at Montréal Municipal Court October 13, in either room 6 or 7. BE THERE!!! In the next issue, the results of his trial will be published.





"HAIR" has finally come to Mont So vhat?? Like the film "Mondatock Hation" and most of the past summer's "Peace" festivals, HAIR has become synonymas with RIP-0F7: Ripping off OUR calture -free-flowing, untural, organic - into another Kultural hype.

HAIR started out two years ago as a free-flowing/ free-form/spontaneous/sctors fack sudience - sudience fack sctors/TOTALGUERILLATHEATHEHAPPENIS. There

were no burriers. You got up and danced, took your clothet off - LET IT ALL HANG OUT! Then, like "Woodstock Hation", BIG HESINKS took over. Again they realized the great POLential morket there was to be had from this play, and the LP record that was to be recorded with some HAIR

What MAIR has digressed to today is fat-assed promoters going from city to city, miring long-haired sipple siggers - enticing them with high-paying salaries and the myth of instant Stardom prices of minission are outrageous; and when inside, there is an invisible barrier between you and the There is no more spontaneous/free-flow seting and sudience participation, just long-baired robots merely going thru the motions. Not many in the sudience get up and dance anymore - they'd be shouted down by all the craxy-assed googly-eyed mommus and papers there, getting the "hots" over long-haired

olly/sworthy meat-grinding machines - and even if anyone did, it would be ob so plactic. I say FUCK HAR!!! But then, if you want to spend \$'s on this krap - them that's your trip -ion't it? But then again, if cheep thrills is your bag, and you only have 50 cents in your pocket, which is not nearly emuf bread to get in to see MAIR! them I would suggest that you drop down to any one of a number of topless a go-go clubs.

spend your) book for a beer, and all back and watch
the girlies do their phismy shimmy a flop-flop thing
while you squeeze yours. Come much???

Goin' Down I and seven friends have just been placed under arrest. The third time in my life. Once for molesting a police dog, which was a phony charge, once for petty theft, of which i was guilty, and one hour ago for possession of strawberry tea. It seems the officer suspects the tea is marijuana.

The officer has admitted that he does not know what grass looks like. He will not take our word for it.

It's a very hot day in Northern On-tario. A shady meadow rests a few hun-dred yards away. The sky is spotted with large cotton clouds and is as blue as peace is soft.

The officers are0.K. we say, but deep inside we fear their weapons and their narrow minds. To be in that meadow with them, stripped naked and running in a game of tag seems more fun. However, they play the game of tag with their weapons and POwer. Our naked bodies are clothed with fear and no one is running. The game is over before it starts. they win and we lose.

The narcs have just arrived to analyze the tea. A man dressed in a suit of clothes that would feed ten babies the East for a month, is asking us all questions about who we are and where w

I was asked to take all of my belon ings out as questions were asked of me. Three hours Interrogation continued. later we were released and considered ourselves lucky that the prople we are trying to free from their sophisticated

Slavery let us go. No laws broken, except being free, which not even these men, i pray, will

To the meadow we went alone, and to WORK they went ALONE.

- Creek

Welfare

According to Law .. (?) - : "The only aligibility is need"

It is now official that anyone has the right to have a friend present during all raps at the welfare office. This discourages a lot of the shit these people try to put over -!-(which is nearly always illegal.) So take a sympathetic advocate with you who is familiar with welfare rights.

Melfare & Low Income Citizens (Settlement 3553 St. Urbain, rm 311) has hip advocates & invites you to collect your welfare & perhaps help others by advocating yourself. It's fairly together, so do drop by, e-specially if you feel you deserve wel-

WELFARE IS A RIGHT, MOT A PRIVILEGE!

Welfare and Low Income Citizens The Welfore and Low Innome Citizen group is planni on action on a welfere office (place withheld for strategic resons), in late October or November. Freshs and Smilter are invited to participate and to support those test owner which will be processed in this setion. WE WILL FESHT USTIL WE HAVE SECURED OUR WELFARE RIGHTS: Join the anti-poverty movement NOW. Call 842-8856, Fax. 22. or on weekends 845-5055.

Perseline Construction of Culture, the French-Canadian White Parther Rity, Political Phisoner.

A TO SO

Armed biological navaho poet of the "nazi" boudhas" community

(PRESIEY FELLATIO Press)

PUTHADA HONKITOS

Monster pête moi le Kist plante moi dans tablette déroule ton grand poignet de parisienne puante

comtesse peyoteros
vaseline Monroe
la vulve noire de tatouages sarrazins
nous savons de quelle descents de plote tu es
mais nos aeufs sont plus beaux que la fain

A l'intermission elle égalise sa chienne d'acier recoud les plaies de lit pour d'autres cercles puçants les macrocosmes de l'équilibre sodium-potassium

Sa crême sent la cicatrice de phoque le jus industriel et le vampire médical oh! ma Monroe arrache ton pénis et devemons frères!

nous mouvons d'une radiation démente massacrant les tombolas et les vierges gaineés de crabes

nous sommes des navahos menstrués d'érables des nords offerts en rituel dépuratif comme encens de cabinet

enlacés aux monarcs diableros je baise les voies radieuses digitale le tartre des livres plus la gélatine des maternitées cochonnes Maman, ma poupée s'amuse avec des gaz morts!

Au restaurant la skizophrénie s'amourache de mes mains qui ont injecté des porcs malais

au thermonêtre de la queue

des sauterelles de sel crampent au ventre des serveuses

la fanfare coronnaire s'époumonne

dans le jardin aux cahiers nains

ma bouche psalnodie des restes de table

à la hauteur où les armes de la conscience
me darguent de glucose frisinnante.

La bave de la NASA m'entraine

vers une rechute de l'aspect subjectif bien moins loin que les ovaires de la beauté

Mais la collection violente m'est enfin apparue brandissant ton odeur dans son encensoir lumineux

Des oeufs dans mon vagin fument un plant d'hydrogène,

mon autoroute de pate

de tant vaquer aux travaux ménagers de ton corps

j'empoubelle les oreillons du mystère.

LA DILATATION DE MIA FARROW

De miami-beach des ranchs de phoques se délivrent en riant un rodéo de vulves froides

des fentes d'instinct repoussent en télévision j'arrive en sang de chicago

le téléphone s'accumule peu-è-peu vers le magnétisme

ma ponction lombaire déboutonnés à coups de .303 suçe la suspension des glandes nerveuses.

senteur de tortue dans la pharmacie lourde le plancher grouille sous des lampes de peau l'invisible et Bellafonte se shinent la médaille à l'Abord à Plouffe.

CASTRATED POODLES

La nuit est hygienique, drabe d'onquent a leur trous, les prêtrés du motel gangrennent nos liqueur à des germans sheppards suentant le sel de fruit

Affanés de coqs ils rompent la soie des lets sucent le soya et l'avalon

Mes genoux écrasent par pain la pression sonne:

"il est midi la porte de l'église est ouverte il faut entrer."

(Paul Claudel)

Rijean-jésus puis-je balayer l'huile des soutanes leur clouer le paquet de cachoux dieu des aiselles et du tamari sprout duirétique, lézards, sésame ligature des trompes 8 ri-go-la-de cold-cream seborée tvisto lemons seba de tripos.

'UN CRIME CONTRE L'ESPRIT EST UN BIENFAIT."

- Adolf Hitler

L. dopa Liberace

Don't buy dope, burn your pusher

Never smoke alone. When you turn on with friends there are also chances that you fuck with.

A new motorcycle club "The Golden Veneral Buicks" is supporting the hippie community against the oily anacins of the law and square's assault.

PAUL VI PIZZERIA 861-4411

For the best facist rock, steal the new Denis Vanier and Tieli Kupferberg LP "The Acid Lesbians vs. The Nazi Boudhas" on ESP. Also horny biological incantations by Vanier and Pat Rocco called "Chiquita in Heat", also on ESP.





The second biggest shock of the pen, after the grusome reality of the physical machine itself, is the minions at its control. Inhuman rejects. Bottom of the barrel. Guards, bulls, hacks, serews, administration. Creatures who could not make it anywhere else; there to satisfy their needs of dominance, sadiem, revenge, and perversion. A cancerous structure to cling to. It shows in their faces. Red, ugly, twisted-up, blotched, atrophied, vein-burst, frozen, dissipated, excessive, malicious, obsene, stunted.

There code: Condone mental anguish and the money is easy. Vultures in the ultimate of a preying system. The exceptions are rare; for the system is geared to eliminate exceptions.

Lies and deceit are the tools in their formal POlicy of keeping ps. off guard and off balance. It's considered the best form
of control. Right out of the fascist texts. Ps. are either treated as enemies, or pawns to be exploited; because, as we know,
punishment and intimidation have always been the motivation behind the set-up of prisons. I was a little surprised in reading
the Bible about biblical prison conditions, that there has been
virtually no change in 2,000 years. It is the Kanadian Pen. system's POlicy to keep custody in the forefront of their motivation for operation. Thus the followers of punishment come to the
key POsitions of management, as they have the most incentive.

The charge was: "Refusing to obey an order, to whit: personal

shaving". A quard came into the fish tier section of the prison where we fish (inductees) were segregated and sloughed up. I was wanted in warden's court. A scare of adrenelyn rushed thru me. I knew this was it. He escorted me around a few turns and thru a long corridor to the dome. They do not want to trust you to get yourself, on self-directed initiative, between two points. You are to be reminded that your freedom is gone and is to be gone. They want you to know that you are controlled. The dome is the central enclosed space section of the prison where all the wings come together, and where the control of the wings is run from. It is a big roofed-over courtyard with a smooth stone floor, and goes up five stories to a skylight. The landings and stairs around it and the tiers going off of it from the third story up, have bars caging in all around the edges so no one can be thrown off. I was told to wait with a couple of other prisoners outside a locked gate that lead into the main hall of this dome. In a penitentiary you can usually only go a few feet before you come to a locked gate or door. Guards and anyone else who want thru this gate, had to be keyed thru. I waited with these two prisoners while other guards and prisoners were locked in and out of the dome by various other gates.

The other two guys are taken in turn and one comes back and goes on to his work location. The other doesn't come back. He has been sent on to the hole. Then it's my turn. I am ordered to go into the main hall down to a door marked warden's court, and am told there to stand up straight. UP AGAINST THE WALL! I am kept waiting five or ten more minutes. There are guards everywhere here. This is where they have their central offices and meeting places for running the daily practical affairs of the prison. You see signs telling about their pension plans and clubs. There is a directory board listing what prisoners are in the hole and what guards are on shift there. The guards that are milling around look you over. They make crude jokes at you, and about you among themselves. You are their present moment's entertainment. After all, there's little mental stimulus to their

A buzzer sounds and a number flicks up on the electrical box board outside the court. A guard tells me to go in after a quick frisk over my clothes. They are afraid that you might have a weapon you might attack some of the members of the court with; Such as a shiv (knife), that is, a sharpened length of metal. once saw a heavy screw driver that had been ground to a beautiful rounded sharp point. Into the room. There were pictures of Liz and Phil on the walls. On one side there was a raised platform with a big long table-desk on it. File registers of prison regulations were on top of the desk. Behind it sat three of the righer ranking guards. The physiogomy of the faces of the tribunal gave bad signs of their souls, and if it weren't for their warped expressions, one could almost have laughed at them as monkeys. One was sallow faced with a few mole blotches and receeded black eyes. One red faced, puffy and pointy-eyed. The last gnomey and knolly behind thicker glasses than the other two.

I walked up to them. Immediately I was ordered back against the opposite wall and told to put my hands behind the charge and a bunch of other formal verbal rigamarole was gone thru. I was asked why I wouldn't shave; and I explained my position. It sounds good that they ask you for your story, but it must be mainly for their amusement, or to see what further information they can get on you, for it is extremely rare for them to accept explanations. They run it their way, no matter what. People are let off in this facade court, depending on their personalities, and mainly because the administration has to give difference to considerations of space limitation. There are eleven punishment cells, and with five hundred prisoners, they can't have everybody under punishment all the time. I said it was against my belief, or you might say religion, to shave; and that I believed it was the right of certain religions to maintain beards in prison. To me.it seemed clear that a beard was a personal matter, implicitly outside the jurisdiction of a democratic state. I told them that I had made out a warden's request, seeking permission to maintain my beard. They told me that the answer to the request was no, that my ideas were not the way it was, or that it would be, and that since I had disobeyed a guards order to shave, I would be punished. The red faced one also threatened me saying, that since I didn't believe in how they ran things, and since I would not do the violation of individual rights that they wanted me to do, the guards would shave me in the punishment place. He made a point of emphasizing that they would not be gentle about it.

Out came some handcuffs from a guard beside me, and there were the magnified watch-winding rasps as they clamped and locked their teeth gripe around my wrists. I had been convicted, and immediately became a hole prisoner in their minds; thus nescessitating different - that is - more severe custodial treatment. A heightened extention of what they were trying to do in the regular part of the prison. This regular part is called population as opposed to the isolation part. If you are good in the hole you may return early to population. If you are good in the hole you may return early (good time, copper, in con parlence) to the outside, or street as prisoners say. I was bound for the hole, special correction unit (its official euphamism). Maximum physical intimidation. I was the same person in the same room I had done nothing against them at that moment, yet by the-

Ir structure I had to be handcuffed and treated differently.

I was lead out to the main hall and out of it by its other end to the outside within-the-walls. We commenced the long walk to the hole, the guard and me. It is a long walk relative to the prison, in that, from the main hall, it takes nearly all the distance within the walls to reach the "special correction unit". We went around one wing, and along and back into the furthest wing. The weather was good, and prisoners were gardening around on the grounds. It's your last time outside, for there's no going outside from the hole. You walk sort of slow with handcuffs pn, in order to keep your halance better, because you can't use your hands very well if you fall. Besides, you might as well stall on your last chance to be out.

Thru the locked entrance of the wing and up three flights of stairs to the hole door - the door to the isolation section on top of that wing of the prison. The guard knocked here, and another guard was not long in coming down from above on the other side. They always phone ahead so they can "prepare" for, and keep track of you. The new guard unlocked the steel door with a little window in it, and we all went up this last flight of stairs built into a special little well. The stairs were steel grid with one landing in them. At the top thru locked dates, one way lead to the hole's exercise courtyard, and the other way behind to a raised concrete way - like a ledge - called a catwalk. This raised way was all faced-off and protected by bars. There was a quard with a shotgun (pump style) back there. The exercise court yard was concrete floored, barred at the sides (making two sets of bars between you and the gun) and wall off at the ends. Each wall had two symetrical steel doors with little square windows in them, like the door downstairs. The other side of the yard was set up in the same way with stairs, stairwell, double set of bars and catwalk. The stairs there were never used, but the gunwalk much so. The top of the yard was open to the sky, except for concrete covered beams and heavily wired mesh fencing covering it all. Around this top opening were six or eight search -

lights for "night operations". They sometimes brought prisoners up at night. The gate in the bars was unlocked and we went into the courtyard. There were four or five more quards there in their uniforms and officers' caps. One of them very tall and quite big. I, the prisoner, had on a not-too-well-made or fitted work shirt and pants with four digited white lables on them. The contrast is to make you feel inferior and shameful, and thus to be more completely or more easily controlled.

They all gathered around, and after taking off the handcuffs, ordered me to take off my clothes. They wanted to "search" me. They go thru this stripping with every prisoner who is sent up. A guard felt my hair and they mae me lift my arms and feet. Then the guard in charge, who had glittering eyes and a paunch, ordered me to bend over and spread my cheeks. It was bad enough having to take your clothes off in front of such people, who take advantage of your situation, but this order so embarrassed me, that I almost didn't obey it. The reason I did, was that I had so much fear of the unknown, and the outnumberedness of this situation (I had been beaten before), that I couldn't think of anything else to do. Their excuse for doing this is that you might have something taped to this part of your body. I know this one particular guard loved doing this little bit of voyeurism and always tried to be the one to do it; making it an elaborate drawn-out process. Prisoners do smuggle things into the hole, but unless they are absolutely green way of doing it with certainty. This is by inserting whatever it is to be smuggled into the rectum. Usually, tobacco and matches, or razor blades for cutting things. The guards are not supposed

THE HOLE" by Xstro Eaman to make any insertions in their searching unless they have a doctor to do it (though they do tell you to open your mouth). This "spread the cheeks" amount to mainly embarrassement and humili-

Next, while they were still all gathered round, I had to stand there with nothing on and my head hanging, while they read out to me about thirty regulations that they had for the hole. Things like: no talking to other prisoners, walk only in certain areas and in a certain manner, no singing, and so on. My only defence against all this was not to listen; so I didn't, and am consequently not sure as to what most of the others were.

Then they went to the windows of the four doors and put light plywood covers on them. Two of the bigger guards came quickly over to me and each grabbed one of my arms. Then this boss guard came over with a safety razor in his hand and looked into my face and said, "Are you going to shave?" I was surprised by all this but said no I couldn't because it was against my belief. He then gave the razor to another quard, and gave me a good punch to the stomach. It was virtually my worst moment. Locked up there in that little courtyard area with those six or seven, and no one else knowing what was going on (except the executive quard who had ordered it). All doors and gates locked, just a conin. "Are you going to shave?" I said, "No I can't." He said, "No you can't what? No you can't what?" He meant he wanted me to add Sir to my replies. It was one of the rules. You were supposed to say Sir every time you talked to a guard in the hole. I didn't make any reply, so he hit me two or three more blows to the midsection. My spit flew and I gasped for breath. He again ordered me to shave. I answered that I couldn't break my belief and have respect with myself. This earned another punch. I didn't try to fight back. I had decided long before, that in extention of my Gandian experience and ideas. I would not use aggressive violence to get or defend my personal beliefs. Even if I had, I would not have been able to do much damage before I was overwhelmed not knowing karate. Even if you know karate, you had all the locked prison doors and guards below to get thru, not to mention the shotgun behind the two sets of bars. At this point I started to think that I must think of something to do to save myself. It seemed like the beating was only going to get worse. But all I could think of was to beg him please not to hit me. This I did after every following blow. I also asked him why he was hitting me, or why he had to. I think this got to him, because he was in front of the others, and he stopped shortly after I started this begging him please not to. By this time, I was down on the courtyard deck writhing around almost on the other side from where the beating started. This is the only time that I have ever begged in my life. And as I look back, I feel shame.

From a steel-doored cupboard on the courtyard, they gave me some rags to wear. A frayed pair of boxer shorts, an old t-shirt, some worn coveralls, and a pair of home-made floppy cloth slippers. Then I was ordered into one of the first cells of the tier of cells thru the nearest door of the court. That was the punishment section of this isolation part of the orison. The hole. You have to go to your cell in the special way they want; right along the screened wall protecting the catwalk where the gun always walked when prisoners were out, and making right-angle turns. When you get to the cell, they order you to close the cell door on yourself. Of course as soon as it catches, you are locked in. They then snap a bolt lock on and double lock the other lock with a key. There is a square glass port in the door, too small to get your head thru. They can open and close it from the

outside by operating a wingout pressure bolt. The ceiling of the cell is too high to jump up to, or even climb up to by the sink in the back. It has a steel edged, flush glassed-over light fixture. The bulb is changed by taking out screws. The screws (guards) come in with a step ladder to do it. You can almost touch the side walls by stretching you arms to each side; and you can take about ten short paces from the door to the back wall. The pannelled steel door is steel framed, set in the concrete of the front end of the cell, at the other side cell to the bed. The door is close to two inches thick, with the inside and outside pannels, and weighs about three hundred pounds. The sink-toilet is on the opposite side to the hed. at the other end of the cell in line with the door. It is made from one piece, or seamed enammel-finished metal. The toilet has no seat or cover, just bowl. The sink is in the place where the reservoir is on regular toilets. The water inlets for operations come in thru the wall inside the back of the unit. Only cold water. They are operated by wall buttons. There is a large single -sized board bed on the floor, virtually flush with it, just a few inches up. It is rimmed and bolted down by concrete curbing on the two outside edges, and on the two insides by the front and side walls and their corner. It's about a yard from its end edge to the end wall. There is a wire grilled and flat metal barred ventilator for heating and air circulation on the back wall. It is above the water unit and a few feet down from the ceiling -

british Holumbia Penitentiary) and can be reached by standing on the sink. It's about a foot square. That's it! That's the furnishings. The ceiling and walls are pastel blue, and the floor a medium grey.

I just sat down on the bed and didn't move. I didn't know anything else to do, such was the shock of the situation. I could only think how there seemed not to be much hope left. Sort of the end of the trail. What help could I get? Who would know what was happening? Who could help? I was just there stunned and trying to think. Virtually petrified in feeling sorry for myself. Here it was happening to oneself. It seemed that there could be nothing else of such consequence happening during those long minutes. The misery took hold and stayed, and I let it be biomer than me or my resourcefulness. There would be much time of just myself and the walls; and one knows there's no future or existence in that. There you are. Alone in that concrete box. Virtually cut off from everything except ground, water and air, with very occassional sun. And only the enemy to appear at the door. Fortunately I'd read a lot of stories about people being imprisoned by the fascists and communists, so in the back of my mind I knew these terrible happenings could be successfully endured and risen above. But it was different in that here it finally was the real thing happening to this person - myself - and it was strange that it was all so real, and to take.

During the three years that I was in the British Kolumbia penitentiary, there were three suicides due to those persons being in isolation. There were three more suidides downstairs in population, but that's far less a proportion in relation to the total number there (about 500). The usual average number of people in isolation (all four categories) is about thirty-four. The first to go was a man of over forty-five who had been sent in from one of the penitentiary's good behaviour minimum security camps, for something like insubordination or drinking. He was in his last year of a four-and-one-half year sentence. He arrived in the hole on a Saturday and complained of dizzyness and heart trouble. Because it was a Saturday, he was refused medical attention. The next day, at mid-afternoon, he committed suicide It's hard to say whether out of despair of the harsh situation, or the intolerableness of his sickness. Anyhow he was bulgedeyed, blue-faced dead. He had been given a different kind of slippers, mocassin style, and there was a long thong lace to them. He tied the lace around the towel bar on the sink, that's waist level high, sat down beside it, tied that around his neck, and leaned forward. Some of the prisoners were out for exercise when he was discovered by the guards coming to him for his turn. They were brought back in and locked up before his cell was opened and a nurse was called up to attend to him. An adrenelyn shot was administered, but it was too late.

The next fellow was doing life, and had already done at least

three years in isolation as one of the most dangerous of prisoners. His suicide was shortly before, or shortly after his twen-Ty-first birthday. I think it was quite evident that his mind was starting to go due to doing the isolation time, the continuous battle of wits with the guards, and their harassement o him. A month or so before his final act, he had swallowed a pair of nail clippers and, I believe, a couple of pieces of razor bllade. He was taken to an outside hopital and taken out by surge ry. A few weeks later another self mutilation. He stabbed himself thru the eyelid with the inside-tube part of a ballpoint pen. This brought about his removal from isolation to the prison hospital. There he was given a pretty heavy medication. Perhaps even to the point of not knowing what he was doing. A day or two later he was discovered hanging forward at an angle, with his knees on the floor, and a long sheet from his neck back up to the corner bar of the hospital cell. I talked to the prisoner who first saw him this way; by chance, one who didn't like him personally from isolation experience; and so he didn't inform about what he saw. It was ten more minutes before a guard discovered the body. Another prisoner who saw it at that time, said the eyes were really bulging out, the face blue, and the tongue hanging a "foot" down. This suicide was a person I had spent many hours talking to. I was out of isolation at that time, and happened to be on my way for outside yard exercise, at an odd time by myself, because I had been on some special interview or something and I saw his body being taken down the main hall steps on a stretcher wrapped in a sheet. An ambulance awaited. It was being taken outside the walls for autopsy. I hoped at the time that it was a certain dog guard who'd been having heart trouble. But I intuited from the thinness of what was under the sheet that it was my isolation friend. I didn't even know that he was down in the hospital, but I know that he was in the most desperate of st-

The third isolation suicide was a person doing twelve years. He had just started a stint in isolation for mental observation. His mental capacity was low, and he was doing these twelve years while in his thirties, after a whole lifetime of theft. In jail and out, theft, and then in jail and out... Just the same, it shows that even if your mental capacity is low, isolation is enough of a misery, and a blow to your being, that you want to end it. He hung himself with his coveralls. I don't know if he tied them to the towel rack or to the ventilator grill, but he was stone dead before they could get around to cutting him away.

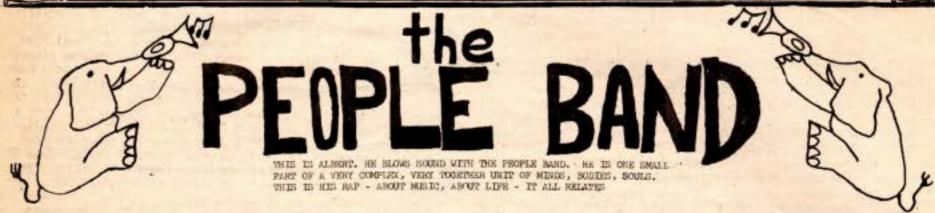
raits, as any in that penitentiary. The accruation of logic in-

dicated that it was him.

The author of this narration, had spent three years in British Kolumbia Penitentiary, three months in the "hole". The charge:

Possession of one marijuana cigarette. This is the first in a 2015 three part narration.





All good artists are anarchists. You get so high when you play, it's like flying through the common. Very theatrical, like back off, back off. Living theater. Long live the words of Antonine Artaud.

Jezz means communication - to fuck - to make love. Unless you can drop the conditioning you eren't playing jazz. There shouldn't be any barriers. Dig anything that takes you to the common. A lot of pseudo music myths would be shattered if people listened to John Coltrane. One of my own paper.

Expand naturally - flow. Just be yourself - let yourself be. You don't need shrinks. They're killing people. R.D. Laing - an anti-shrink. Everyone's sapped out with this ice creem society - toy society. People never dig trees. People born in the suburbs - concrete, wires, occasional squirrel - 1984 is now. The revolution is NOW - everything you do, every day, how you live, what you do -not in the far-off future - no Messiah. The bomb is a con. The 20's omverd has been unreal. Everyone's political - political means to relate - people relating.

We travel cause we got zappiness, cause we're younger and cause the species is threatened - not just because of acid. You can't live your life on acid. You ought to do it naturally - by meditating. You can meditate anywhere. When I play, on a bus. Purification - rinsing yourself out. That's why we're so potent.

Everyone in the People Bend is zapped out. They're gonna be blowin, even if we don't see each other again, they still will be blowin. To live is to blow, to blow is to live. You're not living unless you say "I'm here".

People need places to get into different things. Academys are emasculated - only one aspect of life is presented. The universities

in the Middle Ages - there people rapped with people. People - municians - have formed communes. There were kids there. Chicks were playing. Chicks can blow. Paul is 7 - he comes and plays. He's not conditioned. Municians are the healing force of the universe -Ayler said that. Music is universal - it's a representation of what came before - through you - everything you've ever experienced.

Paradise is now - it's groovin - ballucinating. People live in a half light - there's more yearning than enything in words.

Marriage of the arts - no barriers. Masician means beyond words - no barriers - no boundry - play horns, dance, make wisumls - people doing it - ancient, tribal rituals - ballet - from genuine, total theatre. Not all over theater. Take to the atrects - release the plague - energy. Let it happen. If you let it happen all the time you win't got any time for hangups.

We're a manifestation of all energy - positive and negative. If it doesn't matter if you do anything, you may as well die. You must People shouldn't have to be convinced to be positive. Man allowed himself to be made a machine. Totalitarianistic Franken-stein. Collective Frankenstein. Whatever we do we're collective. Establishment is structured, alienated. Aliens to each other. We must relate to people everywhere and anywhere. There's a feeling of progress because to do comething, something comes out of it. can pick up a horn and blow. You blow from the instant you start and don't look back. Painters blew and just blew from the start.

When you have a newborn child - he cries - it's his sound - relate with his sound. Blow with your child as soon as he's born. Involvement. It's like your ego watches you - like this guy that sits on your shoulder and watches everything you do objectively. He's sitting there digging you. Madness comes out and the guy channels it. He watches out for you. If you cling to it you become totally that - non-human - robotoid - a mess. Retain your objectivity. We're irrational beings - we're no more rational than a tree - a part of nature - the unique son or daughter of the universe. A manifestation of the life force - creators creation. All these things are God. People should go on to have faith in being. If we're destroyed it's because we let ourselves be. If you fuck yourself you fuck the universe. /You are what you eat in all ways. Macrobiotic diet gets you very high. Spring right into it. Your body was made to assimilate grains and vegetables. Your body has to work too hard to deal with

meat. Music is like what you eat. Culture is what's around you - changes must be total because it's

so totally wrong. Begin to create alternatives. Get out of your fuckin bands people. Get out of living in a trush heap. Get in by getting out. Needs are really simple.

Anyone making bealthy sounds should be totally supported. Selp it happen. Do it - be. Let it go through you and keep coming yourself - it provokes good things. Each person comes up with their own thing. It's totally vital - be. More than anything we need artists. Life is art and art is life - it's good. Everyone should become an artist - you do it by simply living - being alive. No labels like musicians and painters - there's only one art - life.

Played with a 99 year old man - an ancient master - he had eternal peace. I'm 50, he's 99, I'm there and he's there, but he's been there much longer. His mastery is strength - potency.

People shouldn't put others down. Putting someone down is really putting yourself down. We're all one species. Who the hell has the right to say you're not part of the species.

Explore space. Sun Ra's been doing it foryears. They should be recognized - the holy fethers. Constantly expounding music. Everyone interesting is expressing themselves - expression in

It's not fixed - use anything that makes cound. Instruments from all over the world - window panes, anything - blow. Bodies - touching

I was told recently that we're in the cosmic age and astrol age Acquarius. Ginsberg in the West - Zen and ancient teachings of the East. To know everything and nothing - beyond. Man sants the universe to have limits because his head does. There's a new consciousness - for those who want it.

Why translate music other than it is? If you could describe it

in words it wouldn't be music. First time I heard Sun He something in my consciousness said "I don't believe it". It was a near perfect turned-on show. On the surface rock music is growy, if you haven't heard good sounds, that is. Blow your own mind - get out of your head. Let it just be a long trip. Rock and roll - the history is perversion. It comes long trip. Nock and roll - the history is perversion. It comes from race music, rythum and blues. Louis Jordan and the Tympany 5 - a 1955 tim pan alley guy. Rythum and blues became rock and roll instead of jazz. To fuck is to come. Rock and roll is impotency. Jazz is to come. Rock and roll is a fuckin cock tense. Peeding on people's frustrations. It's a mass tragedy. The guys blowing rock are just as hung up as the people they enslave. They ball chick after chick without feeling. On well, at least they're fucking. It taps

the source. You know you're in tune. Anything that gives you relevance is something to aspire to. It's good that younger people are balling. At least they're balling. It's a cruse for optimism. There is a musical revolution going on and always has been. All music should be improvised. Concurrent with industrialization and monopolization is the rise of conductors. Wagnerism. Cock-ours. It's all accessary - you've got to have hell to have paradise. There always should be peace in maste. It's an equation - art is life is muste is peace is infinite. Silence is also in the equation.

John Gilmore, Marshall Allen are in the group. Don Chaney, Terry Day, Mel Davis, George Kahn, Tony Edwards, Paul Jolly, Davie Payne, John A. Hart, your brother, why not. Figgis is in the Bani. Pet Davies, Paul Skoulas (7 yrs. old). He plays trumpet. Eddie Eden, Frankie Flowers, Terry Holzan, Johnston Michool, Isla Jacobs, Jean Skinner, Pat Davis, Adam Hert, Phil Vaughn (tone deaf-still plays), John Hopkins, Cerla, Tony Crerar, Tony Deshorough, Cathy and Boy Brown, Jill Gerling, Bob Woolford, Carlisle Reedy, Lyn Debmon, Judy Daniel, Russel Herney and every fuckin jazz musician who ever lived who ever played.

The People Band has released it's first album, and as yet, is only available in England on Tremsatiantic (Steres), TRA 214. Get on these people - Canadian Music Sales, 58 Advance Street, Montréal - and If enough people inquire, we might get the People Band released in Canada. The People Inni is trying to get a tour together on the Continent (it's gomes be damn well worth it - take my word), and if you think you would like, or know where you can get them a gig, you can write to Albert Kovitz, c/o Terry Day, & Lyonadown House, Lyonadown Road, Best Barret, Kent, England.

-CELLS-

Some thoughts going through my mind. Things around us are getting messed up. And people getting messed up. So been thinking. What to do? Like with each day.

Want to get some things done, make a statement, communicate, hit back, maybe a little sabo-tage, put a stop to some of the shit-ass things going down

Yet still have to live. Still have to eat. Still have to get a little bread together.

Still have to be creative, live creative. We all have to make our own little-big solution for the revolution. Cop-out, lethardy, moral support, or really get it together, make a revolution, live a revolution, become a revolution. How?

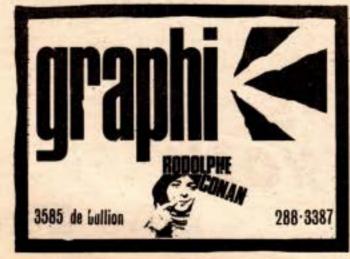
So been thinking, a good way to live a revolu-tion is to form a cell. Get a few people together, people who can function well, three, maybe four or five, people who enjoy each other, friends. And then begin. There's always something.

Walk around the city. Walk anywhere. It's there. The oppression. It's on the streets. It's in the buildings, it's in the people's

faces, it's in the eyes, it's in their minds. With a good cell you can maybe do something It's there. about what you see. set up a workshop, draw some posters for strategic locations, get some big stuff together for billboards or get some fruit and give it away on the streets or mess up a construction site or post information around town, or get a free merchandise thing going, or, or, or...

The thing is to get yourself and a few friends organized, well organized, comfortably organized, tightly organized. Then, when you're not doing some other gig, you're working in the cell. You get together with your ideas. You set up a little workshop, a table. Figure out the plan. (You don't have to start with explosives.)

There are always things to do, things to say, people to reach, things to tear down, things to build up, things to give away. Get a cell gether, and maybe you can bring yourself and the revolution closer together.







The next morning Hildegardis and her two rescuers returned from the forest. The noble guardian of Hildegardis had, in the overflowing joy of his heart, prepared a sumptuous banquet and invited all the knights since yesterday, a reverential awe seemed to separate her from Froda.

It chanced that a noble count from the court of the emperor was announced, who being bound on an important mission had wished to pay his respects to the Lady Hildegardis by the way. He also greeted Edwald, whom he addressed by the title "Duke Edwald". All eyes were fixed inquiringly on him, and he answered, in graceful confusion "It is true; the emperor, when I was last in his camp, raised me to the rank of a duke." The count then, at the request of Hildegardis, related every circumstance of the heroic deed: Edwald had not only rescued the emperor from the most imminent peril but also, with the cool and daring skill of a general, had gained the victory which decided the event of the war.

Hildegardis had turned to Edwald, and said in a low voice which yet was clearly heard by all, "I conceal no longer my heart's wish -- I am Duke Edwald's bride." And with that she extended to him her fair right hand. But Edwald forebore to take it, saying, "God forbid that the lofty Hildegardis should ever recall a word spoken solemnly to noble knights and dames. 'To no vanquished knight,' you said, 'might the hand of the emperor's niece belong' -- and behold there Froda, the noble Danish knight, my conqueror."

In his clanging armour Froda advanced to the middle of the hall, exclaiming, "I declare my late victory over Duke Edwald to have been the chance of fortune, and I challenge him to meet me again tomorrow in the lists," and he threw his iron gauntlet ringing on the pavement. But Edwald moved not to take it up. saying "How durst you, a warrior wounded by two swordstrokes, challenge a man unhurt into the lists tomorrow, if you did not despise him?" "Forgive me, Duke Edwald," somewhat abashed, but with cheerfulness, "I have spoken too boldly. Not till I am completely cured do I call you to the field." Then Edwald took up the gauntlet joyfully, and left the hall with his friend.

Soon after this Frods recovered from his wounds: the course was again prepared as before. The night preceeding, each had alone kept a silent vigil, and in the freshness of a dewy morning the two knights advanced solemnly together to the combat. "Beloved Edwald," said Froda in a low voice as they went, "take good heed to yourself, for neither this time can the victory be yours --on yonder cloud appears Aslauga." "It may be so." answered Edwald, with a quiet smile, "but under that arch waits Hildegardis, and this time she accepts my purpose."

The knights took their places -- the trumpets sounded, the course began, and Froda's prophecy seemed to be near its fulfillment, for Edwald staggered under the stroke of his lance, so that he let go the bridle, seized the mane with both hands, and thus hardly recovered his seat, whilst his high-mettled, snow-white steed bore him wildly around the lists without control. Hildegardis also seemed to shrink at this sight, but he at length reined in his steed, and the second course

Froda shot like lightning along the plain, and it seemed as if the success of the young duke were now hopeless; but in the shock of their meeting, the bold Danish steed reared, starting aside as if in fear; the rider staggered, his stroke passed harmless by, and both horse and knight fell clanging to the ground before the steadfast spear of Edwald. He did now as Froda had done before. In knightly wise he stood still a while upon the spot, as if waiting to see whether any other adversary were there to dispute his victory; then he sprang from his steed, and flew to the assistance of his fallen friend.



The victor bowed humbly, almost timidly, and said, "You, my knight, overthrown--and by me! I understand it not." "It was her own will," answered Froda, amiling. "Come now to your gentle bride." That very day were they solemnly united in the chapel of the castle, for so had Froda earnestly desired. A journey into a far distant land, he said, lay before him, and much he wished to celebrate the marriage of his friend before his departure.

The torches were burning clear in the vaulted halls of the castle, and Hildegardis had just left the arm of her lover to begin a stately dance of ceremony with the aged duke. Edwald and his companion went forth into the moonlit gardens of the castle to talk. Froda said: "At the very moment when we met together in the course -- oh, had I words to express it to you! -- I was enwrapped, encircled, dazzled by Aslauga's golden tresses, which were waving all around me. Even my noble steed must have beheld the apparition, for I felt him start and rear under me. I saw you no more -- the world no more -- I saw only the face of Aslauga close before me, smiling in a sea of sunshine which floated round her. My senses failed me. Not till you raised me from beneath my horse did my consciousness return, and then I knew, with exceeding joy, that her own gracious pleasure had struck me down. But I felt a strange weariness, far greater

than my fall alone could have caused, and I felt assured at the same time that my lady was about to send me on a far-distant mission. I hastened to repose myself in my chamber, and a deep sleep immediately fell upon me. Then came Aslauga in a dream to me; she placed herself at the head of my couch and said, "Haste to array thyself in all thy splendor, for thou art not the wedding-guest alone, thou art also the -- "

"And before she could speak the word my dream had melted away, and I felt a longing desire to fulfill her gracious command, and rejoiced in my heart. But in the midst of the festival I seemed to myself more lonely than in all my life before, and I cannot cease to ponder what that unspoken word of my lady could be."

"You are of a far loftier spirit than I am, Froda," said Edwald, after a silence, "and I cannot soar with you into the sphere of your joys. But tell me, has it never awakened a deep pang within you that you serve a lady so withdrawn from you--alas! a lady who is almost ever invisible?" "No, Edwald, not so," answered Froda, his eyes sparkling with happiness. "For well I know that she scorns not my service; she has even deigned sometimes to appear to me."

"And yet your silence to-day--your troubled yearnings!" "Not troubled, dear Edchen; only so heartfelt, so fervent in the depth of my heart -- and so strangely mysterious to myself withal. But this, with all belonging to me, springs alike from the words and commands of Aslauga. How, then, can it be otherwise than something good and fair, and tending to a high and noble aim?"

The horns and hautboys had already sounded their invitation, and Edwald hastened to give his hand to his fair bride; and while he advanced with her to the midst of the stately hall, Froda offered his hand for the torch-dance to a noble lady who stood the nearest to him, without further observing her, and took with her the next place to the wedded pair, for Edwald had entreated his friend to take his place in the dance next to him and Hildegardis. But how was it when a light began to beam from his companion, before which the torch in his left hand lost all its brightness? Hardly dared he, in sweet and trembling hope, to raise his eyes to the lady; and when at last he ventured, all his boldest wishes and longings were fulfilled. Adorned with a radiant bridal crown, Aslauga moved in solemn loveliness beside him, and beamed on him from amid the sunny light of her golden hair, blessing him with her heavenly countenance. The amazed spectators could not withdraw their eyes from the mysterious pair -- the knight with the torch raised on high in his hand, earnest and joyful, moving with a measured step, as if engaged in a ceremony of deep and mysterious meaning. His lady beside him whispered to him near the end of the dance with an air of tender confidence, and with the last sound of the music she had disappeared.

The most curious spectator dared not question Froda about his partner. Hildegardis did not seem to have been conscious of her presence, but Edwald asked in a whisper "Was it?" "Yes," answered Froda, "Ah! and if I rightly understood her meaning, you will never more see me stand sighing and gazing upon the ground. But hardly dare I hope it. Now good-night, and as soon as I may, I will tell you all."

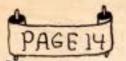
The dreams of morning still played round Edwald's head when it seemed as though a clear light encompassed him. He remembered Aslauga, but it was Froda, whose locks shone now with no less brightness than the flowing hair of his lady. "Ah!" thought Edwald in his dream, "how beautiful has my brother-in-arms become!" Edwald dreamed on and on, and many other visions passed before him, all of a pleasing kind, although he could not recall them when, in the full light of morning, he unclosed his eyes with a smile. Froda alone stood clear in his memory. He now knew full well that his friend was dead: but the thought gave him no pain, for he felt sure that the pure spirit of that poet-warrior could only find its proper joy in blissful solace with the lofty spirits of the ancient times. He glided softly from the side of the sleeping Hildegardis to the chamber of the departed. He made a fair and shady grave in consecrated ground, summoned the chaplain of the castle, and with his assistance laid his beloved Frods therein.

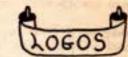
He came back just as Hildegardis, awoke; she beheld, with wonder and humility, his mien of chastened joy, and asked him whither he had been so early, to which he replied, with a smile, "I have just buried the corpse of my dearly-loved Froda, who this night has passed away to join his mistress." He lived on in subdued, unruffled happiness, though for some time he was even more silent and thoughtful than before.

THE END

(From the story by LaMotte Fouqué)



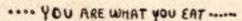






VITTLES





AN INTRODUCTION TO HEALTH AND THE VERY LAWS OF NATURE

So you want to be healthy? So many people have been coming around the logos health kitchen and have been asking us "Just what should I eat," All kinds of questions are asked, Why isn't sugar good? What's wrong with coke? Some, and probably many of the Dear Readers don't even know how to make bread. And so many freaks are just down and out sick. Why just look at the free clinics these days; there just jammed with unhealthy cats and lamenting chicks.

Now gosh, if we're ever going to get the world together, we have to get ourselves together first. So we'll lay some knowlege an you, and some recipes, and if anyone has something they have to give to people, just send in your article to the "you are what you eat" page at logos. The best thing you can do for yourself is to come down to the logos food co-op and load up with good organic food, and then go home and start cooking for yourself.



SALT FROM THE SEA



The first and most basic thing to get together is salt. Natural sea salt. Sea salt contains all the natural elements of the sea, all the GOOD MINERALS including gold which helps activate the little beam in your forhead. Refined salt, the kind you'll find in the supermarkets, just has salt, and no NATURAL MINERALS. The only extra thing in it is some sort of POISON FOOD SUBSTANCE to keep the grains from sticking together.As Pete the Geek once said, "Sea salt is good." Eating sea salt makes you in tune with the natural forces.

THE SUGAR TRIP



You always here that white sugar is bad for you, and deep down in your heart you know when you spoon it on scarf, or eat ice cream, or suck down a coke that it really is not natural. Here is the simple reason why.

First of all your body does need sweet, thats why you have a sweet tooth. There are many natural sweets, fruits , honey, maple suryp, and the black strap molasses. Molasses, though refined from sugar cane, still contains all the natural vitamines and minerals that your body needs for digestion. When refining occurs, or overcooking and peeling takes place, the minerals and vitamines are destroyed, but your body still needs these to digest the food, and so your body storage areas are ripped-off for the vitamines and minerals as well as the heart, liver and kidneys running down because they need those vitamines, and so diseases develope in these organs.

The really worst straight foods to eat are white sugar. and anything made with white sugar including coke and all the soft drinks. White flour, brown sugar, and alcohol are just as bad. These really suck the extra vitamines right out of





you. There are many other shit foods to avoid, and we'll be telling you about those in this and forthcoming issues.

If you need to see what these foods do to you just take a look at the straight people on the street. They have hard, and stupid faces, bad teeth, fat stomaches, soft-dingy brains, and narrow closed minds. Always remember, "Straight food makes straight jerks"

Eat whole grains, natural fruits and vegetables, raw uncoked honey, all of which you can buy at the logos food coop.

A good book on the subject, and one which provided most of the scientific information for this is "Sugar, the curse of Civilization" by J. Rodale.

2060s FOOD GO-OP APPLE PIE



This is much more than the average apple pie, and you can do almost anything with it. Get some whole wheat flour, a tad of oil, and NATURAL SEA SALT, mix the flour, water, and salt (plus currants cinamon, egg, etc.) Roll together to make a good dough. At first rolling is really sticky and messy, but you will learn to flour your hands and the table you work on.

Now take your apple, currants (don't put them in the crust) and blueberries or what ever and put in a pan to boil for a few minutes and then let it simmer for ten to fifteen minutes while you roll the dough and put it in the pie pan. Then put the crust on the top and then put in the oven at about 350 degrees. COOk for about 20 mins. or until the crust is a good golden color.

If you get your apples from a straight food store, peel them. If you have organic apples leave the peel on.

To make sure your crust comes out soft put a little oil on it, and if you can afford it, use a whole wheat pastry flour. Never buy pies from a store. They have chemicals in them that drag you down. Make your own Healthy Fresh pies.

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PRUEDO REVOLUTIÓN ARTIPRICAS

Sexism in Bip Cultur

"Despite the drugs, rock n' roll, and freaky clothes this culture was not very different in its views of women than the pig culture that we are trying to escape and destroy.

Nomen still have to push their sex, their freakiness, their systerious powers, their sensuality, their intuitiveness, their ability-to-make-a-house-a-home, their availability to do shit work of all kinds but rarely if ever can they dis play and receive respect for their intellectual and physical power, their politics, their inde-pendence and strength as women. Since the time of the first boman he in the woman has been sexthat her biggest achievement in life can be tak-ing care of her old man or several old men. In hippie communes, yippie politics, and street culture, women have the hippie versions of their roles in straight society."

Talking about the Dick Cavett show, with guest star Bugh Hefner:

'Hefner was saying that he really agreed with Women's Liberation and had alot to do with liberalizing the culture so that women would have it easier. All he was saying was that he wanted to destroy the puritum morality so that women could and should fuck more men."

Substitute Hefner with many to most of the so-called "hip" "revolutionary" men that you know and you'll see that their understanding of what women's liberation is all about is on par with one of the most infamous of today's exploiters

Talking about a Berkeley women's rally:

The women who spoke put the street people, freaks, bikers, Hell's Angels, politicals, and some of the sisters with them very uptight.

The Nomen talked about being raped, manhandled, lamphed at, intimidated, made to feel helpless without a man to protect them and them forced to avoid the streets because they were just tired of being hassled. The tension and violence that these raps created was shocking for everyone concerned. We hadn't anticipated that was right beneath the nale ego when threatened with description by weem. We did not have say bely married for our years. ened with descrition by women. We did not have any bodyguards for our women (one was attacked) but the next time they will be necessary so we can feel even freer to speak about our experience and persuade other women to join us in this revolution within the cultural revolution.

To avoid being brutalized on the streets, (a woman was beaten with chains by two men in broad daylight a block from the People's Office in Berkeley because she refused to respend nicely to their proposition) women not only have to learn to defend themselves, but they must start taking actions that show men that they are together, strong and able to deal with both physical and verbal violence whether it be from hip men or the pigs. There should be wesen's militians formed to take care of sisters on Telegraph, Baight and other sister streets all over the country.

If we do not structly against acts of view

If we do not struggle against acts of vio-lence towards women and the unconscious ideology of male supremacy in the culture we would be creating a situation where we would be ripped off more and more by our "own" people. What they Newton said about blacks is true

also for women: an unarmed people are subject to slavery at any moment.

Women cannot work within a culture that i Nomen cannot work within a culture that is male supremucist anymore than we can work within the system that we have to destroy. It was claimed that women should work with or take over the Conspiracy. But taking over from the media freaks is a losing game as you just get devoured by their concerns, politics and parameta, and you lose sight of a real movement to fight for women. Women should desert the women as "slave-extension-wife-girlfriend-invisible and nothing else role in the culture. Women cannot work with in a male supremocist culture to change it. The

culture must be struggled with and attacked from an autonomous women's movement, and if it does not change, it will have to be destroyed.

We can't let decandent, chunwinist men para sitically take the energy of women and transform that into personal power and glerification. We must be the ones who help transform the culture/ movement into a collective community where we are all doing heavy work and are with the people, not behind them or way out in front of them. We must destroy the elitism which is rumpout in the must destroy the elitism which is rempent in the culture. When people are getting to the point where they are risking their lives they are not going to die for a movement that treats them as inferior either because of the phit work they are doing or because of their sex.

Leadership in this culture is male supremacist. It is not yet revolutionary, with the exception of some good statements by Eldrige, Bobby Scale and Pun Placondon, the question of semen's liberation has not been taken at all seriously.

Namen have to move together to overthrow old decadent brutal forms of leadership. Nomen will not fight for a revolution that does not include the abolition of male privilege along with white skin and middle-und-upper class priv-cleges. We must create new images. Those of the Vietnamese and Cabans are not enough in our situation. No more images of mucho males, but images of a strong dedicated revolutionary person sho works collectively to build a movement that will help to bring the empire down and at the same time be creating the style and form of the new society."

Arme Weills

from Sundance

Like the rumble of gams From afar ... an tired of mating and meandering want the yellow camyons of desire will be no docile thing-but a restless eagle in space

Blanche Shoeraker Wagstaff, "Atavisa" (1929)

he Become What We Are Expected to BE

"Why have women passively accepted the mussive economic and social exploitation of their position in American life? It is because they are taught at home and at school that they are secondary to men, that their lives must be lived through their husbands, their futures ex-perienced through their children. They occup perienced through their children. They occup the status of appendages to others lives. havid McClelland emphasizes the denigrating self image pussed on to women. He writes:

Countless psychological studies have shown that women is still perceived by both ren and women as Adam's rib-despite all efforts of feminists from lacy Stone to Simone de Beauvoir. That is, she is defined not in terms of her self, but in terms of her relation to mon: Adam's rib. Adam's temptress, 'Mam's helpmate, 'Adam's wife and mother of his children. The female image is characterized as small, weak, soft, and light. In the U.S., it is also dull, peaceful, relaxed, cold, rounded, passive and slow...

Who wants to be small, weak, light, dull' women must be pretty feeble creatures, pale reflections of men, by this definition. No wonder they have been dissatisfied with the Countless psychological studies have

wonder they have been dissatisfied with the image and have reacted with either open resentment or secret doubts as to their real

worth. Girls and women are taught to be socially irrelevant, passive, to hide their natural shil-ities, to fear self-expression, lest they be called a "castrating" woman, When people are taught that they are inferior, and when society demands that they act inferior, it is not surprising that they appear to be inferior.

acism and Male Chauwinis mdates for Movement

> There is an almost exact parallel between the role of women and the role of black people in this society. Together they constitute the great maintenance force sustainstitute the great maintenance force sustain-ing the white American male. They wipe his ass and breast-feed him when he is little, then schoel him in his youthful years, do his clerical work and raise his and their replac-ments later. All through his life in the factories, on the migrant farms, in the res-taurants, hospitals, offices, and homes, they sew, stoop, cook, clean, sweep and run errands for him, boul away his garbage, and nurse him when his frail body falters.

> Severly Jones, Toward a Female Liberation Novement (1968)

Women's liberation as a movement is young, cal and politically experienced. Its goals and actions are far more militant than the moder ate and matronly National Organization for Nomen (founded by Retty Friedan). While somen's liberation supports the struggle against occupational discrimination its main thrust is against the institutional male changings and the social and economic exploitation of all women. The reasons for this are not surprising.

The women's movement is a product of the experience of many hundreds of young women in the

civil rights movement and in the urban white erganizing undertaken by white, radical youth after the collapse of the civil rights movement. Young women and girls risked their lives in the struggle to create a just and humane society. They were beaten in demonstrations, they were arrested and the arrested, and they were often sexually nistreated. They served time in jail, staffed the freedom houses, crunked the mireograph machines, washed the dishes, loved the mem, and cared for the children. Only to discover themselves absent from the steering committees, silent during meetings, and ridiculed when they protested that they worked and risked their lives in organizations which they had little power to make decisions.

young women tearned in a struggle, they were not free.

Out of this contradiction, the women's liberation movement was born. At first, women asked only that they be permitted to participate in "participatory" democracy. This very reason able and just request was laughed down by the young men, and so women learned at last just what male chauvinsin must mean for their own movement:

One of the best things that ever happened to black militants happened when they got hounded out of the stars-and-stripes, white-controlled, civil rights movement, when they started fighting for blacks instead of the American Dream. The best thing that ever happened to potential white radicals in civil happened to potential white radicals in civil rights happened when they got thrown out by SNX and were forced to face their own oppression in their own world. When they started fighting for control of the universities, against the draft, the war, and the business order. And the best thing that may yet happen to potentially radical young women is that they will be driven out of both of these groups. That they will be forced to stop fighting for the "movement" and start fighting primarily for the liberation and independence of women.

Beverly Jones, Toward a Ferule Liberation

The Restless Engles: Nomen's Liberation 1969

Marlene Dixon

We began to talk to each other and to see that We began to talk to each other and to see that what we had considered personal problems were the problems of women. We began to see that our exclusion corresponded to that of many men who were not aggressive enough to be leaders. Men were not consciously excluding us; rather, exclusion stemmed from the collusion of the timidty that women have ingrained in them from a childhood of dolls, and the aggressiveness that men have ingrained in them from their earliest admonishments to "be a man, don't cry." We began to realize that such attitudes are not inherent, but learned. We began to unlearn them.

inherent, but learned. We began to unlearn them.
We are attempting the unique task of beginning a movement in which political ideology and one's personal life might be integrated.

personal life might be integrated.

Women's liberation is a revolutionary demand and we must create the revolutionary wemen's liberation revenent to push for these demands. We can be the vanguard of the revolution when we refuse to listen to the men telling us that 'women's demands are reformist." It is clear that the only way for radical men to support our revolution is for us to build a strong independent movement, so that no revolution is possible without us. Then, and only then, will they take us seriously. No amount of education will change them as long as they have a power position to preserve. position to preserve.

he haven't come a long way baby. The first step has been made, but there need to be many nore. When the total impetus of women's demands hits this country, the men and especially the men who control this country will wish for the quiet days of the suffragettes to return. Our demands can only be met by overturning most of the existing structures in society. We hope that the mon of the left will join us in the struggle by fighting their own battles, and not trying to tell us what to do. Women are awakening. We are beginning to use our brains, and this awakening could be even more earth shattering than the awakening of blacks.

You've Cone A Long Way Baby -women in the movement from Motive





Metamorphosis into Hure

My hips are a desk. From my ears hang chains of paperclips. My breasts are wells of mineograph ink. My feet bear casters. Burn, Click. is a badly organized file. My head is a switchboard where crossed lines crackle. My head is a wastebasket or worn ideas. Press my fingers and in my eyes appear credit and debit zing. Tinkle. My navel is a reject button. From my mouth issue cancelled reams. Swollen, heavy, rectangular I am about to be delivered of a baby zeroz machine. File me under W because I wonce WO.S. a woman.

-Marge Piercy

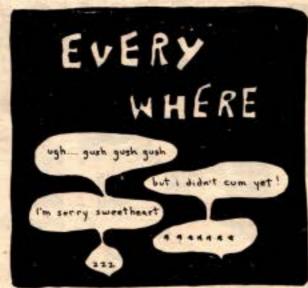
is a good serew.

blubber blubber

slop slop

"Ain't she aweet Makin' profit off her ment. She's just America's prime commodity.

-sung by Women's Liberation at the Miss America. Pageant, 1968



Any man living in a relationship of exploitation who speaks of liberation is voicing political

They told me I smile prettier with my mouth closed. They saidhetter cut your hair--loog, it's all frissy, looks Jewish. They husbed me in rentaurants looking around then while the mirrors above the table jeered infinite reflections of a raw, square face. They questioned me when I sang in the street. They stood taller at ten smoothly explaining my eyes on the sauters, trying to hide the hand grenade in my pants pocket, or crouched behind the piano. They mocked me with magazines full of breasts and lace, published their triumph when the dogsor's oldest son married a nice sweet girl. They told me tweed-suit stories of various careers of laties. I woke up at night ufraid of dying. They built screens and room dividers to hide unsightly desire sixteen years old raw and hopeless they buttomed me into dresses covered with pink flowers. They waited for me to finish then continued the conversation. I have been invisible, weird and supermatural. I want my black dress. I want my bair curling wild around me. I want my brocestick from the closet where I hid it. Tonight I meet my minters in the graveyard. Around midnight if you stop at a red light in the wet city traffic, watch for us against the moon. we are flying, laughing, and won't stop.

-Jean Tepperman

but i don't dig it when they start fucking up my chick head, sob sob

with or witho coat hanger.

In July, when i first got to Montreal, I found this sign on the wall of the Logue layout room. After recovering from the shock, I ripped it off, wrote "this is blatant pig chauvinsis" on the back of it and stuck that up on the wall. It

wonder if it would have been tolerated at all if it had been racist pig shit rather than sexist pig snitt

i cast stand the silence and in contained anger I wait for the man who can measure up to my fury and inside my vacuum of emptiness i scream HE WANT POWER TO CONTROL OUR BODIES, MINIS AND LIVES TO SET OUR SOULS PREE

TO CREATE WHAT NEVER WAS

i feel feverish and restless capable and puralyzed bewitched by the meaning of womanbood frightened to let myself surface fully and i cry TO STUMBLE AND PALL TO RISE BY OUR OWN PORCE AND WEEN WE PAIL. OUR SISTERS WILL JUSTIFY US all my life i have been limited by forces i had no control over now i want to go beyond all boundaries infinitly limitless and I shout WE WART MADNIESS TO MAKE CHANGE TO EXPRESS THE DEEP SOUNCES OF ECSTACT IN OUR SOULS

smooth and soothing is the night but i am possessed by unknown violence it hurts to be and breathe and live WE WANT STRENGTH TO SURVIVE THE PAIN TO DESTROY WEAT CAUSED OUR SOULS TO FRAM

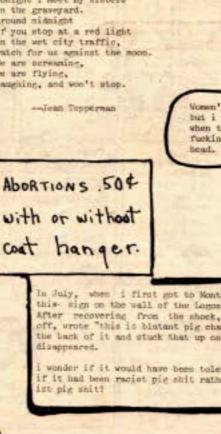
TO FEEL THE MAGIC OF IMMONTALITY

i am calling on you my sisters to save the earth from man's insanity how long shall we bleed? man's destructive imagination has chained us and raped us and killed and burnt us he has misused our bodies made our minds whither our souls dry out he has left us maked, shivering, humiliated, cheated and lied to he has drained our wells of life, energy and wisdom

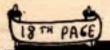
and in no womans land where the sin died thousands of years ago we ask WHERE IS COMPIDENCE? WHERE IS TRUTHY in the streets in the sunlight

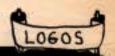
in the homes

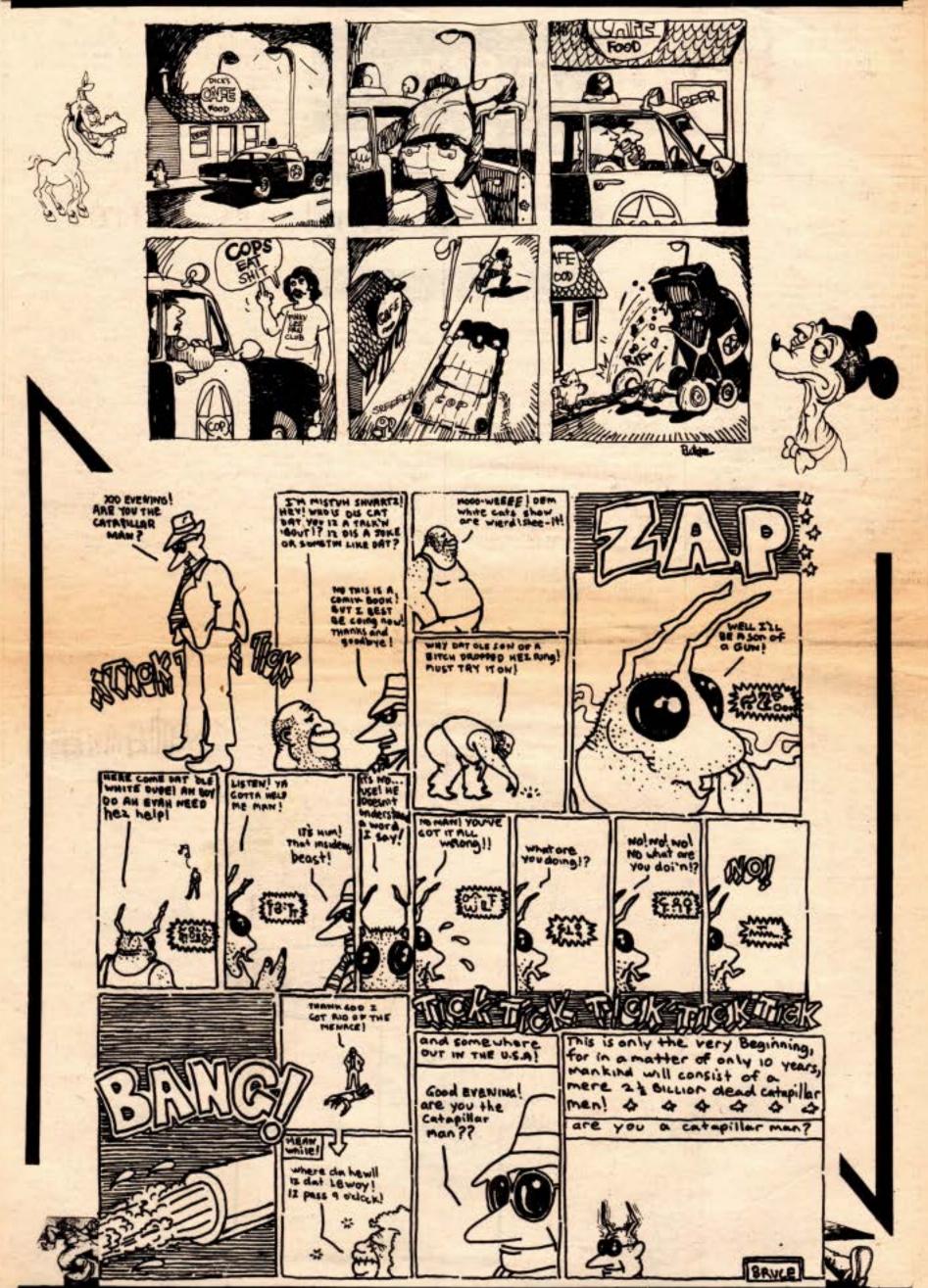
by the rivers in back alleys beyond the skies in the night its been too long and time has come i must go to war and dying or winning i will sing WE WANT PREEDOM TO REACH OUT FOR OUR SISTERS IN LOVE AND TRUST IN LOVE AND UNITY TO REACH OUT FOR ALL PROPER OF THE UNIVERSE IN LOWE AND SOLIDARITY AND ONLY SO WILL WE TOGRTHER DESTROY DESTROY THE EVIL PORCE THAT KEPT US APART THAT DESIED US THE SIGHT TO BE HUMAN AND WE WILL STOP SHADOWHOXING WITH DRATH AND TRULY BUILD WHAT NEVER WAS













"Mario Labonza sycks... the blood...of those... that....remember, I'm here- I'm there - I'M EVERYWHERE."

Mario Labonza



Weather Report:

It's gonna get cold. But even the icicle is at first a raindrop.

Outlook: For those of you who are not into snow, NOW is the time.

Secret Coded Message:

101 1 10100

10011 1000 1001 10100

10100 1111 1111 11 1001 1

Year: Approximately 1980.

Whatever I meed, I takes.

PETIPLE S ARMY JAMPI'REE SKY RIVER

PORTLAND, ORBGON: Something's happening here and it stinks of cope-out. An Ameri-kan Legion Konvention & la honkey/reducck was planned for this city of Portland. It went off "without a hitch" - that is, then Oregon's Governor Tom McKall learned that a People's Army Jamboree counter-convention was being planned for the mass-day, and since there was a good possibility of a massive trash-in, he decided to take drestic action after elmost shitting his pents contemplating the consequences.
McKall collaborated with a group of

local "good vibsters"/OMers, (these part-Icalar people are very sincere, kind people, but VERY, VERY NAIVE) and with the Covernor arranged to have a "Peace-Festival" to try and prevent the imminent trans-in. The festival site was 40 miles away from Portland. Most people who attended this "festival", did so as it seemed a relatively made way of politically copping out. Few bands played, as it was basically an ON/ chant your blues sumy/be the Pig's whore and you'll find that he's really a nice guy "happening".

There were many, many there who, when they found out that they had been double-crossed, got their shit together and planned to head back to Portland. But the Pigs were one step shead. After the "festival" had started, the "festival" site was surrounded by Pigs and the Sational Guard. Anyone who tried to get out while the festival Anyone was still on was busted by the Pig. Stinks like Mazi Germany.

The People's Army Juntores counter-con vention was left to about 2,000-5,000 people. They marched down the streets of Portland, but no trashing went on as it would have been saidle seeing the number of pigs outmbered demonstrators.

All this time the Sky River Book Feativel near Destile was being put on. This WAS a festival, a happening. Sort of a revolutionary Woodstock. There were plenty of Cantentic bands - togetherness - THIS WAS A TOTAL MATTER DO. There was a small charge to get in-but if you didn't have it, you got In anyway. After enough money was collected to pay for the price of the land, the admismion price was dropped. Half way thru the Pestival, the people were told that the money that had been collected would be used to buy the festival site land and if anybody wanted to stay and live there after the festival

they could. This was too heavy for the Pigs. After the Festival was over and it looked as if many people would stay, they trespected on the people's land, kicking them off. burning many and confiscuting the people's bread, saying it was solicited illegally.

child against parent

in dark jail rooms

Toward an ideal blazed future

1984.....

I write petitions and petitions, march and riot, learn first aid and

to grow up

I'm preparing for a revolution (mental

plays the game)

FUCK YOU

I'm prepared for me to die [however such it takes to be a human

I'm prepared for you to die (natural or otherwise - however history or you play the game)

being) Rena Habines

All you prepare for Nixon, Reagen, Hoffman Pigs, Political scum if for me

how to make home-made bombs

or physical - however history

POEM

CHEP'TOUL HAR ON DOPE

Washington, D.C. (L.N.S.) - "The Bureau of Dangerous Drugs" in urging farmers from the Midwest to spray wild marijuana crops with pesticide 2, 4-D which has caused birth defects in mice, hamsters and chick-

This is just part of a heavily-funded international campaign by the U.S. government to keep the world safe from marijuana.

So far the experiments with 2, 4-D have only involved animals who have eaten food treated with it, but a researcher for the Food and Drug Administration feels that 2, 4-D may be even more dangerous when

Furthermore, it is difficult to detect whether the grass you're about to smoke has been treated with 2,4-D since the smoker usually buys it in its crushed form and it is generally mixed with stron-ger stuff from Mexiko.

Recently the U.S. government gave Mexiko Sl million in aircraft and financial aid to help in the control of drug traffic across the border. Part of it was for detection of growing fields of opium or marijuana, and another part was given for development of materials to eradicate the

Richard Kleindienst, U.S. Deputy Attor-ney General under Mitchell said that the gift of five small helicopters and three scouting planes to search out and destroy the marijuana was "one of the most his-

toric occasions of co-operation between nations in many years."

The Mexikan government has assigned 10, 000 soldiers to the search and destroy op-eration and increased the surveillance of the borders, while the U.S. law enforcers have added 500 new men to increase the effectiveness of the searches on both the Mexikan and Kanadian borders.

The Bureau for Dangerous Drugs has expanded its operations by adding agents in Frankfurt, London, Barcelone, Madrid, and Milan. The U.S. has loaned Turkey \$1.4 million for equipment for 750 POlicemen assigned to the suppression of drug traffic Richard Kleindienst has said "The

cultivation and the increasing use of marijuana has now become a growing threat to the security of our nation, and must be dealth with accordingly." Just like Wietdealth with accordingly." Just like Wiet-Nam and Laos and Cambodia, etc. etc. eh

WELCOME HOME TIM

San Luis Obispo, Calif. -- On September 13, Timothy Leary scaled the 12 foot chain-link barbed wire femce of the Men's Colony West "minimum security" prison where he was serving a double sentence (3 months to 10 years State, and 10 years - Federal, concur-rently for possession of grass! On the other side of the fence he was met by a brother from the Weather-

men Underground, who provided him with civilian clothes. He changed out of prison garb in the restroom of a gas station located about two miles south of the prison on U.S. 101, a road called "hippy highway", used by hitchhikers heading north for the Big Sur region of California.

Tuned-in, turned-on, Timothy Leary did some heavy dropping out by splitting prison and going underund, one of the last refuges of

cultural and political revolutionaries.
From the underground, Tim will
keep in regular contact with the People's Revolutionary Movement. is Dr. Leary's first letter:

Statura and brothers:

I offer gratitude to my eletere and brothers in the Weatherman Underground who designed and essented by liberation. Sceening and I are now with the Underground and will continue to stay high nd wage the revolutionary war. is a time for peace and a time for war. There is a day of laughing Krishna out a day of ories shive. Brothers and sistere, at this time let us have no more talk of peace. This is war. A war for exercical. Ask they and Angela they dig is! I declare that World War III is now being waged by short-haired robots whose deliberate aim is to destroy the complex web of free wild life by the imposition of mecha-mical order. Remember the Sious and the Jeve and the Black elaver and the Pione T.W.A. indignation over air-line highjackings! Listen

ment of svil. There is no compromise with a machine. You can not talk ace and Love to a robot. In this

life struggle we use the ancient strategies of organic life:

I. Resist lowingly in the loyality of underground sisterhoods and brother-

2. Resist passively - drop out! Resist actively - echotage, jon the computer, highfack planes, TRASW every lethal machine in to land.

4. Resist publicly - amounce life; denounce death

Resist privately - guerilla implaibly.
6. Resist beautifully - areats

organic art, music. 7. Resist biologically - be

healthy, erotic.

8. Resist spiritually - stay high, praise God, love life, blow the mechanical mind with holy acid. Dose them!

Done them! Done them 9. Resist physically - are your-self and shoot to live. Life is never violent. To shoot a robot pig in the defence of life is a secred act.

Listen, Mixon, we begged you to live and let live. To love and let Love. But you have chosen to kill and get killed. May God have mercy on your lost soul.

Listen you Brothers and Slaters, the hour is late. Total war is upon us. Fight to live or you'll die. Freedom is life, freedom will live.

-- Timuthy Leavy

(Marming: I on armed and should be considered dangerous to anyone sho threatene my life or my freedom.)

Sept. 15/70 - This is the 4th communication from the Weathermen Underground. The Weathermen Underground has had the pleasure of helping Timothy Leary escape from the Prisoner-of-War comp at San Luis Obispo, Calif. Dr. Leary was being held against his will and against the will of millions of kids in this kountry. He was a Political prisoner; kaptured for the work he did in helping all of us been the second n helping all of us begin the task of reating a new culture on the barren wasteland that has been imposed on this country by democrats, republicans capitalists and creeps. L.S.D. and grass, like the herbs, cactus and mush-rooms of the American Indians and ountless civilizations that have existed on this planet will help make a future world where it will be possible to live in peace. NOW we are at war. With the N.L.F. and the North Vietnamese, with the Democratic Front for the iberation of Palestine, with Rap Brown nd Angela Davis, with all black and rown Revolutionaries, the Soledad Brothers and all Prisoners-of-War in Amerikan Koncentration Karps - we know that peace is only possible with the destruction of U.S. imperialism. Our organization commits itself

to the task of freeing these Prisoners-of-War. We are outlaws, we are FREE! - Bermandine Dohre

MINDY OFFERS BOUNTY TO HAMPITANS

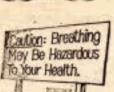
President Nixon had done it He has offered the "good itstanding law-ahiding" of Kanada a 25% bounty (\$15 for any information leading to and OS additional for the actual capcure) for any deserters or war resisters now residing in Kamada. legally or not.

Aw come now, Dick. Do you really believe that your money's that good? Do you believe that it will buy back your soul? you believe that it should?

What king of evolution is it that turns The devils advocate turns to make a mockery of love and truth -And while all the children of tomorrow sit I wonder what good it does to cry in the face of a machine -Leave us helpless, helpless, helpless.... But for a fire which burns us from behind We may all die to-gether in Woodstock with a flower in I hand and a rock in the other -Who will mourn our death but history and

The wind blew open the gates, open the bars, open the head. The wind aided by the clouds, the rain. the tornado All elements of the universe. the power of the cosmos. But the wind was aided most y the peasant's child crying for his emslaved father

Arcmtl scan 20



DUST TO DUST ... "IT'S THE END OF THE WORLD,

IT'S THE END OF THE WORLD, "TENDED WHEN YOU SAID GOODBYE."

- SKEETER DAVIS War-Death-Extinction

Monkey-Ape-Nan
Nan-Mouth-Sound
Sound-Language-Speak
Speak-Draw-Write
Write-Ideas-Opinions
Opinions-Laws-Establishment
Establishment-Liberal-Convervative
Conservative-Radical-Dilemma
Dilemma-Conflict-War

MUTTON OF MAN

Monkey-Ape-Man

THE FOLLOWING IS AN EPITADH OF THE MACHT BARTH. ALTHOUGH IT MAY SOUND LIKE SCIENCE-FICTION THOSE MAY BE THE SAME PACTS THAT KILL YOU.

UHS

The end of the ocean came late in the number of 1979, and it came even more rapidly than bioligists had expected. There had been signs for more than a decade, commessing with the discovery in 1968 that DDF slows down photocynthesis in marine plant life. It was concerned in a short paper in the technical journal, Science, but to ecologists it smacked of doomstay. They knew that all life in the sea depends on photocynthesis, the chemical process by which green plants bind the sun's energy and make it swallable to living things. And they knew that DDF and similar chlorisated hydromarbons had polluted the entire surface of the earth, including the sea.

But that was only the first of many signs. There had been the final gamp of the whaling industry in 1975, and the end of the Peruvian anchovy fishery in 1975. Indeed, a score of other fisheries and disappeared quietly from over-exploitation and various eco-citastropher by 1977. The term "eco-catastrophe" was coined by a California ecologist in 1969 to describe the most spectacular of man's attacks on the systems which numtain his life. He drew his impiration from the Santa Burbara offshore oil disaster of that year, and from the news that opened among naturalists that virtually all of the Golden State's semanore bird life was downed because of chlorinated hydrocarbon interference with its reproduction. Sec-catastrophes in the see became incremainely common in the early 1970's.

Mysterious "blooms" of previously rare micro-organisms began to appear in offshore waters. Red tides-killer outbreaks of a minute simple-celled plant-returned to the Florida Gulf coast and were sometimes accompanied by tides of other exotic bues.

It was clear by 1975 that the entire ecology of the ocean was changing. A few types of phyto-plankton were becoming recistant to chlorizated hydro-carbose and were gaining the upper hand. Changes in the phytoplankton community led inevitably to changes in the community of zooplankton, the tiny animals which est the phytoplankton. These changes were passed on up the chains of life in the ocean to the herring, plaice, cod and tune. As the diversity of life in the ocean diminished, its stability also decreased.

Other changes had taken place by 1975. Most ocean fishes that returned to fresh water to breed, like the salmon, had become extinct, their breeding streams so dammed up and polluted that their powerful homing instinct only resulted in suicide. Many fishes and shellfishes that bred in restricted areas along the coasts followed them as onshore pollution esculated.

By 1977 the annual yeild of fish from the ses was down to 30 million metric tons, less than , the per capita catch of a decade earlier. This helped malnutrition to encalate sharply in a world where un estimated 50 million people per year were already dying of starvation. The United Nationa attempted to get all chlorinated hydrocarbona insecticides banned on a worldwide basis, but the move was defeated by the United \$tates. This opposition was generated primarily by the Amerikan petrochemical industry, operating hand in glove with its subsidiary, the United States Department of Agriculture. Together they persueded the government to oppose the U.N. move--which was not difficult since most Amerikans felt that Russia and China were more in need of fish products than was the United States. United Nations also attempted to get fishing nations to adopt strict and enforced fishing catch limits to preserve dwindling stocks. This move was blocked by Russia, who felt that the country with the most modern electronic equipment was in the best position to clean what was left in the sea. It was, curiously, on the very day in 1977 when the Soviet Union announced its refusal that another ominous article appeared in Science. It announced that incident solar radiation had been so reduced by worldwide air pollution that serious effects on the world's vegetation could be expected.

At home in the USA, the early "70's were traumatic times. Racial violence grew and the habitability of the cities diminished, as nothing substantial was done to ameliorate either racial inequities or urban blight. Welfare rolls grew as automation and general technological progress forced more and more people into the category of "unemployable". Simultaneously, a tax-payers' revolt occured. Although there was not enough money to build the schools, roads, water systems, and systems, jails, hospitals, urban transit lines and all the other amenities needed to support a burgeoning population, Amerikans refused to tax themselves more heavily. Starting in foungaton, Ohio in 1969 and followed closely by Richmond, California, community after community was forced to close its schools or cartail education operations for lack of funds. Water supplies, already marginal in quality and quantity in many places by 1970, deteriorated quickly. Water rationing occured in the summer of 1974 and hepatitia and epidemic

dynamicry rates climbed about 500 per cent between 1970 - 1974.

Air pollution continued to be the most obvious manifestation of environmental deterioration. It was, by 1970, quite literally in the eyes of all Americans. The year of 1973 saw not only the New York and Lee Americans among disasters, but also the publication of the Surgeon General's massive report on air pollution and besith. The public had been martially are parted for the worst by the publicity given to the U.N. pollution conference held in 1973. Deaths in the late '60's caused by smog were well known to scientifits, but the public had ignored then because they mostly involved the demise, of the old and sick rather than people drouping dead on Freeways. But suddenly our citizens were faced with nearly 200,000 corporated and massive documentation that they could be the next to die from respiratory disease. After all, the U.S. conference had not predicted that accumulated air pollution would make the planet uninhobitable until almost 1990. The population was terrorized as TV screens became filled with scenes of horror from the disaster areas. Especially vivid was MBC's coverage of numbreds of unattended people choking out their lives outside of New York's hospitals. Terms like nitrogen oxide, scute bronchitio and cardiac arrest began to have real meaning for most Amerikans.

The ultimate horror was the emnouncement that chlorisated hydrocarbons were now a major constituent of air pollution in all imeritan cities. Autopeies of amog diameter victims revealed an average chlorisated hydrocarbon load in fatty tissue equivalent to 26 parts per million of Nor. In October, 1975, the Department of Bealth, Education and Velfare incommed that chlorisated hydrocarbons caused death by hypertension, circhonia of the liver, liver cancer and a merica of other discuses. They estimated that Amerikans born since 1946 (when DOT usuge began) now and a life expectancy of only 49 years and predicted that if current patterns continued this expectancy would be 42 years by 1960, when it might level out. Flunging

insurance stocks triggered a stock market panie. The president of Velsicol, Inc., a major posticide producer, went on television to "publicly eat a tempoon of BDT" (it was really powdered milk) and amnounce that HEW had been infiltrated by Communists. Other giants of the petrochemical industry, attempting to dispute the indisputable evidence, launched a massive pressure comparign on Congress to force HEW to "get out of agriculture's business". They were mided by the agro-chemical journals, which had decades of experience in mislending the public about the benefits and dangers of pesticides. But by now the public realized that it had been daped. The Nobel Prize for medicine and physiology was given to Drs. J.L. Badomski and W.W. Deichmann, who in the late 1950's had pioneered in the documentation of the long-term lethal effects of chlorinated hydrocarbons. A Presidential Kommission with unimprocentable credentials directly accused the agro-chemical complex of "condenning many millions of Amerikans to an early death". The year in which Amerikans finally came to understand the direct threat to their existence posed by environmental deterioration.

And 1975 was also the year in which most people finally comprehended the indirect threat. Even the president of the Union Oil Kompany and several other industrialists publicly stated their concern over the reductions of bird populations which had resulted from pollution by DDF and other chloriented hydrocarbons. Insect populations boomed because they were restatant to most posticides and had been freed, by the incompetent use of those pesticides, from most of their enemies. Rodents swarmed over crops, multiplying rapidly in the absence of predstory birds. The effect of pents in the wheat crop was especially disasterous in the number of 1975, since that was the year of the great drought. Most of us can remember the assaulatement by atmospheric physicists that the shift of the jet stream which had enused the drought was probably premanent. It signalled the birth of the Midwestern desert. Man's polluting activities had by then caused grous changes in climatic patterns. The news, of course, played hell with commodity and stock markets. Food prices skyrocketed, as savings were poured into hoarded cannot goods. Official assurances that food supplies would remain ample fell on deef ears, and even the government showed signs of nervousness when California migrant workers went out on strike again in protest against the continued use of pesticides by grovers. the strike bargeoned into furm burnings and riots. The workers, calling themselves "The Welking Dead" domanded immediate compensation for their chortened lives and crash research programs to attempt to lengthen them.

It was in January, 1979 that huge blooms of a previously unknown variety of distor were reported off the coast of Peru. The blooms were accompanied by a massive die-off of sea life and of the pathetic remainder of those which had once feasted on the anchovies of the area. Almost immediately another huge bloom was reported in the Indian Ocean, centering around the Seychelles and then a third in the South Atlantic off the African coast. Soth of these were accompanied by spectacular die-offs of marine life. Even more ominous were growing reports of fish and birds killed at ocean points where there were no spectacular blooms. Biologists were soon able to explain the phenomena: the diston had evolved an engage which broke down Thanodric; that engage also produced a breakdown product which interfered with the transmission of nerve impulses and was therefore lethal to animals. Unifortunately, the biologists could suggest no way of repressing the poisonous distom bloom in time. By September, 1979, all important animal life in the sea was extinct. Targe areas of coastline has to be evacuated, as windrows of dead fish prested a monamental stench.

But stends was the least of man's problems. Japan and China were faced with almost instant starvation from total loss of the sea food on which they were so dependent. Both blamed Russia for their situation and demanded Immediate mass shipments of food. Russia had none to send. On October 15, Chinese armies attacked Russia on a broad front......



Arcmtl scan 2015





The air Pollution in New York is "unpatisfactory", 200 people who could have lived die of respiratory diseases. Nothing is done.

The air Pollution in New York is "unhealthy". 500 people die, all of us get sicker and die a little too. Mayor Lindsay puts through "phase bne", meaning he requests people to use cars only if necessary, meaning nothing is dome. City Pollutors cut down their wastes slightly, but no one dared challenge private industry - there are jobs, payoffs and Political fortunes at stake.

The people are dying. They are dying slowly, but much faster than nature's way. We decay and die in Atlanta, Washington, Montréal, Los Angeles, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, New York, London, Tokyo and Buencs Aires. The old people go first and the sick ones, but who needs then anyway. . .we do not honor age nor imperfection. Then the babies die or are born deformed, but we are overpopulated, so what the hell.

Does Richard Wixon die a little from breathing? Do Agnew, Laird, Hickel, and Trudeau feel symptoms of diseases creeping through their bodies? Are the generals, leaders of industry, finance, education and morality beginning to get cancer. . . heart diseases. . . emphysema. . . arthritis. . . back troubles. . . failing eyesight. . . deafness. . . hardening of the arteries?

In fact, these men are already dead. They have nothing to live for, they were defeated decades ago by their parents and society. The majority of men in power live totally selfish lives, deluding themselves that they are doing what they can to provide for their children and make their country stronger. Actually, they do not care for their children. . .they are leaving them a hopelessly poisoned world. They do not care for their country. . they are sacrificing it for the sake of personal security, luxury and power.

When faced with the realism of impending disaster which no rational man can deny. . .when faced with impotent, callous, corrupt leaders of the most Powerful, genecidal, sick nation on earth. . .WHAT CAN WE DO:

I am not a Communist. I am not an outside agitator. I am not a hysterical madman spouting rhetoric. I am a member of the human dying race here on Planet Earth, and my animal and spiritual instincts revolt against annihilation:

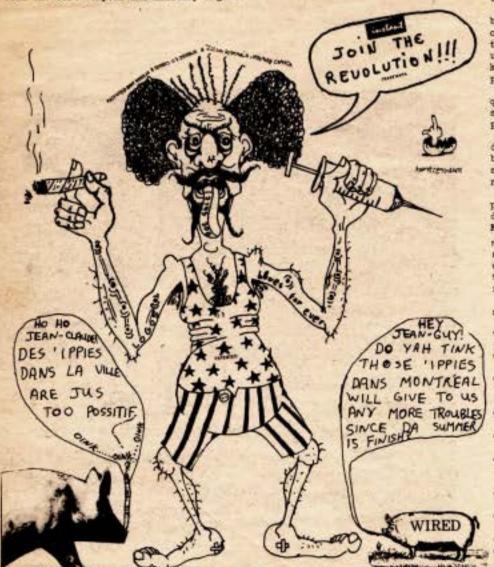
What are the possibilities of action? Action must be immediate if we are to save ourselves - we do not have a century or even two decades. We cannot wait 10 years while congress puts through half-hearted laws, mildly slapping the wrists of gigantic Korporetions like General Motors, Dow Khemical, Kon Edison, General Elektrik, \$tandard Dil. We cannot wait 5 years while the masses get up in arms about dirty cities, stopped air conditioners, no heat or water.

MOW is the only time. The mighty System has always, will always refuse to tudge until it is violently showed. And it will fight violence with even worse barbarium. The System will win a revolutionary struggle because it has the POlice, the military, the media, the factories, the money, the

leaders and the mass of people on its side.

Does that leave us without any alternatives? Is man a part of the evolutionary process, following in the footsteps of the dinosaurs?

We can become minilists; live out our lives hating everything, everybody and ourselves. We can become masochists and blow our minds and bodies apart with speed, smack and massive doses of acid. We can become martyrs, throw ourselves badly armed against the forces of oppression who are equipped with the best weapons and military might.





Other ways we may escape, under the guise of fighting the System, or withdrawing, or just doing our thing, include methods such as: Zen meditation, Scientology, macrobiotics, farming communes, Weathermen, astrology, satanism, rock concerts, free love or becoming solely Artists.

Now most of these directions are not essentially negative or escapist, but all too frequently they are misused, distorted and blown out of proportion. They often become closets to hide in, rather than doorways that open up into new visions.

We must attempt the Fight, for our own self-respect and any future hopes. Blatant violence doesn't succeed in this Sountry, at this point in history. So we must resort to guarfilla sabatoge, using the most creative means we can devise, always keeping a sense of humor and perspective. To point out the Pollution and murder of our society, we must show up the absurdity and horror.

Saul Alinsky, one of our greatest radical organizers, once suggested a tactic: everyone was to chew packs of gum and toss the gum down on hot side-walks and fancy earble lobby floors. This won immediate victory for a well-thought out list of demands. It was a highly safe, almost legal, unstopable naneuver. His paperback book is vital reading.

An underground paper suggested squirting fast-hardening, permanentbound epoxy into key holes and locks, public telephones, pay toilets, subway token slots, POlice car door and trunk locks, etc. The varieties are endless and effectiveness is assured.

Slum-lords living in rich white suburbs will be socially estracized if black pickets parade in front of their homes daily. They will soon come to terms with tenants.

Mafia leaders who kill the people with beroin can also be dealt with by this means of public exposure. Street dealers who pay-off cops will be offed if pickets carry signs in front of city hall detailing when and where these people deal drugs. Carrying signs with blown-up photos of known narcs, undercover agents and CIA agents, merely mentioning their occupations, will kill their effectiveness. These photos must be sent to every underground paper fn Amerika, so they cannot be transferred to another assignment.

Public exposure, via pickets and signs and bumper stickers will quickly end any POlitician's graft, any industry's illegal dealings. Bumper stickers are hard to remove, and can be made so that they are impossible to peel-off. Massive phone campaigns are also effective.

Stenciling short messages, exposing evil, with enamel spray paint, is devastating and rather permanent, particularly on concrete sidewalks and buildings. This can be done any hour, nighttime being the quietest time so you do not disturb people. Kids of all ages can perform these humane revolutionary gestures.

The major Polluters and killers must be dealt with first: the phone Kompany, the Power Kompanies, members of the Stock Exchange, banks, department stores, grocery chains, food manufacturers, chemical and oil Kompanies, Kredit Kompanies, draft boards, advertising firms, news media monopolies, the educational system, crooked Politicians, the Police, CIA, and the Hilitary. At all times, organizations and individuals must work underground, never destroying people, only symbolic objects upon which the System depends. There must be absolute means of preventing infiltration by paid informers or agents.

Here is one possible Code of Conduct for successful revolutionists, sort of a relevant 10-point Program for Survival:

*Work as much as possible as individuals, form new temporary organizations whenever group participation is needed.

*Always work underground, being particularly careful of informers and infiltrators. Use embarassment, absurdity and public exposure as weapons.

*Publish cheap, concise, accurate broadsheets and newspapers to publicise
Establishment oppression and guerilla sabatoge. This is both to truthfully
inform and to create a sense of togetherness, power and morals.

"Whenever possible do actions that are positive, not solely destructive; legal or mild misdomeanors, not criminally illegal.

*Always keep a sense of proportion, an ability to perceive things objectively and with a sense of humor and humanity.

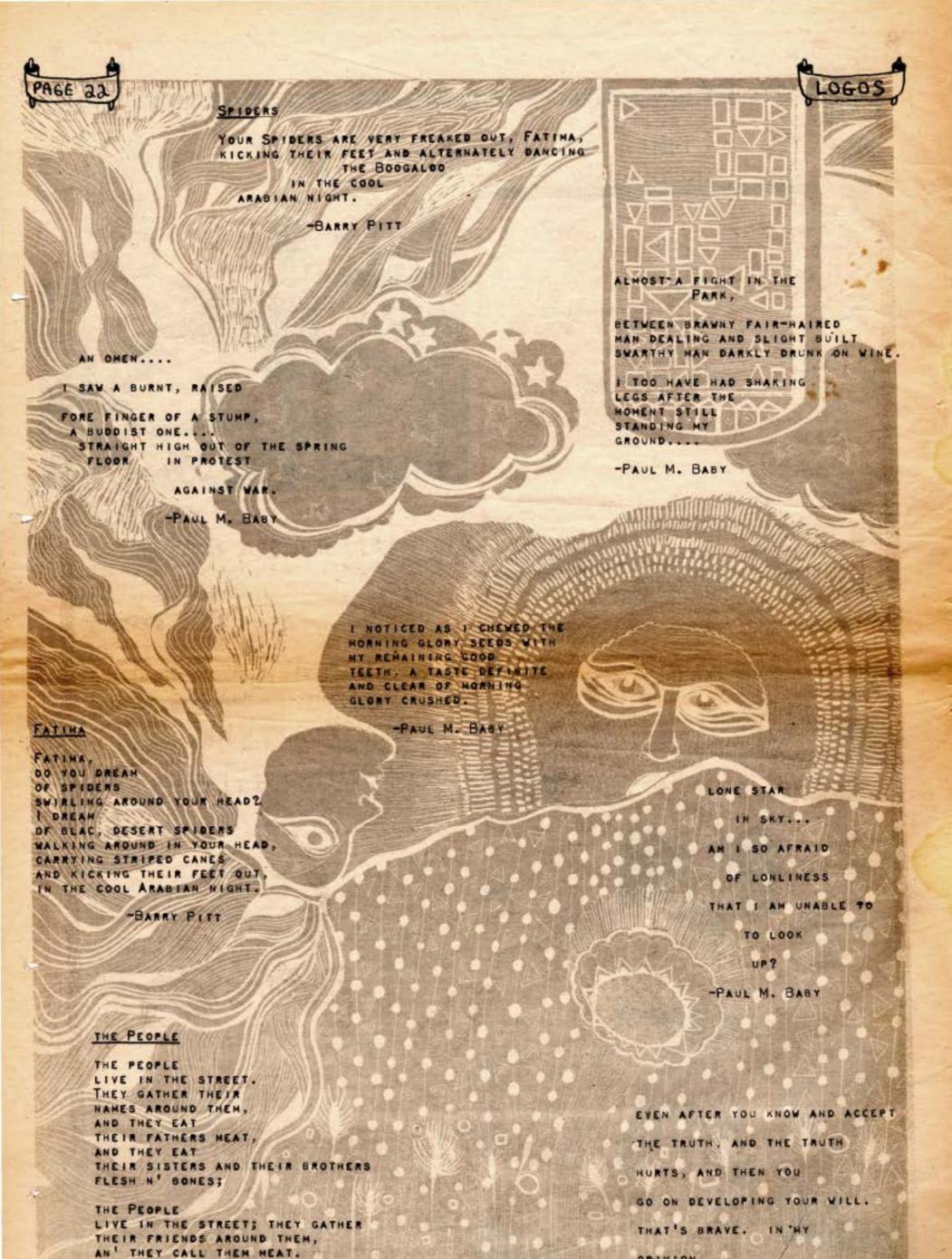
*Face the reality that every day human beings are being exploited, tortured, nursered. Every day we are permanently destroying the earth and all life

*Do not rely on liberals, who ultimately back-down in any critical confrontation.

"Do not give up. Live life today. Raise healthy, strong kids. Love as much as possible. Laugh and play.

*Create at least one revolutionary act every day.
*It's all worth it.

1970 by The Revolution



GRAPHIC by DOREEN BEGELMAN -PAUL M. BABY Arcmilyscan 20

-BARRY PITT

OPINION.



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PAGE 24

Golf clubs for sale. 1 & 3 wood, 3,5,7, and 9 iron and putter. \$45. Exc. cond. 2034 St. Laurent.

If you need a truck for moving or anything like that, Al's got one. Call him at 273-5511.

a Presse Populaire de Montréal is lpoking for a Volkswagen type van and a store trade or garage in midtown, downtown village or ghetto area. Call 845-4947

We're looking for people who like to (Pyone're interested or know someone Pho is chil 843-4623 - ask for Phip.

Incubus, formerly The Age (3 new members added) has just cut a 45 r.p.m. record on Warner Bres. or Reprise called A Hard Day's Night and The Word on the flip side (hum!!) They're available for gigs, Call Morma (temporarily) at 849-1578. Also, you can dig them at the Galary Cafe on October 2-4.

Len and Pony make beads, reach clips and scapetone pipes. Inquire at 843-

....

I need a ride to Toronto and back to pick up some boxes, so if you've got space call me at 843-4623.

Doreen Begelman is looking for work or other possibilities. She does drawings paintings and printings. Tele 273-

Call Logos and ask for Marty if/you've got a Gibson for around \$150 that you want to sell.

Logos needs paint. If you've got any you can lay on us, drop it off at 4055 St. Lawrence or call us at 843-4623.

Just in case you still ton't know, Phantasmagoria has soft couches where you can sit and dig music for hours without being bassled. It's mallow. 3472 Park.

Cinena Populaire du Quartier is presenting La Mort D'un Cyclist and Les Oublies at the Centre Communitare, 3553 St. Urbain. Price - \$1.00

The American Deserters Committee holds peetings and political discussions every Wednesday and Priday at 8 P.M. at the University Settlement Center, open to appoint interested. ADC's number is 845-6542.

The Pres Animal Clinic is located at 2200 St. Agtoine St. and you can take your sick friends there on Thunsdays between 2:30 and & P.M., or any time if it's an emergency. The number is

Montréal is a Capricorn city, moving out of Pauras Gemini! Things will be happening here.

If you can panhandle a buck and want to eat macrobiotically, to 0-PTI-20120 (Little Bird) at 2004 Ave. de l'Hôtel de Ville where you can get all you can eat for your dollar. They're open from 8-8 during the week, 12-5 on Saturdays and 3-5 Sundays 4 The people there are into more than food, as you'll see when you get there. They also sell natural foods, spices, teas, leather, incense, cocoanut soap, wax, metal pins, matches, toilet daper and just about anything you might want. Check out the Sri Aurobindo books while you're there.

We now have free clothes for anyone who needs them, but we haven't got much. If you've got any winter clothes, especially coats and toots, or if you need may, come by and see as at logos. We could use all the hangers we can get too.

On October 2-3 the Anti-Imperialist Conference is being Sald the University of Montréal.

There's a grash house at 3563 Coloniale St. (844-4967). There are enough beds for 15 people and floor space for sore. stay 3 or 4 nights.

You can also get free clothes at Societe de St. Vincent de Paul. 1930 Champlain St., but it's a hassle.

logos is a community paper - YOUN paper - dig it - if you like it and want to contribute, come on over - if you don't like it, come over anyway and make a few suggestions, instead of sitting around bitching about it.

Try brushing your teeth with baking sods instead of capitalist pig Korporation tooth pastes. It's cheaper and does the same

Women's Liberation is holding meetings for new women every other Monday starting September 21st at 7:30/2.M. at University Settlement, 3553 St. Urbain.

It's rumored that Women's Lib, will be holding classes this fall odern dance, French and tarate - so women, if your tired of lecherous old men accosting you on the streets of Montréal, phone Women's Lib at 845-6542 after 6 P.M. for details.

Ottawa is getting together in the fall to develop ways to help freaks survive without having to resort to getting a job in the straight society. It involves learning crafts of all kinds to survive in the city as well as farming communes in the country. These will be connected and will support each other financially and spiritually. It will also enable people to live in the city or the country pretty much whenever they wish. Montréal could use comething similar. Keep this in mind!

total cultural happening is planned sometime in the very hear

r foot-print taken from m

future. It will be a 3 day, 3 sight POTAL ART/MUSIC/EVERY, possibly to be held at the University Settlement. When all is known, leaflets will be printed and distributed as to when, where and etc.

99 cents will get you in to see a foreign movie at Cinema Verdi, 5380 St. Laurent Blvd. They show 3-5 different flicks a day.

The wrecking of three ocean tankers carrying herbacides could wipe out all the tiny little plants called distons. They make 70% of the oxygen on this planet.

"If I had no dream I would fill a hall and tell all the people teap down the sails that keeps them from being a part of it all cause they gotte get close to it all and all accept and be part of

Mother Earth is a coffeehouse, but a very unusual coffeehouse for Montreal - it's run by people for people - not for money. There's no admission charge or minimum or shit like that, so you can go there and rap and listen to music all night without any hassles. ntertainment is being donated and anyone interested in giving Entertainment is being donated and anyone liber Earth at 418 St. their music to the people can go down to Mother Earth at 418 St.
Sulpide on Sundays or during the week or call 845-8012. You can
sit on church pews and dig sounds like Jessie Winchester, Chris
tearney, Kirk Solange and the Nantucket Bucket Jug Band, who have
played there. Toull find tables inside where freaks are selling
their wares at people's prices. The tables are rented for \$12.50
a week (compared to the Flea Market's \$35 a week) so there is no
neesen to charge high prices. About food. So far you can only
score coffee (10 cents) and doughouts, but eventually there will be home-made breads and preserves, yogurt and other natural foods.

Nother Earth is open weekends from his.m. to 1 p.m. and weekdays

from 12 to 12. When you stop in say Hi! to Feter Costerwegher and
pany Byrant, the cuts who are keeping ht all sogether. They'll be
stoped and smiling and getting off on everything that's going down. Mother Earth is a Virgo.

Mother Earth is an important happening in Montréal's freak community, or non-community, as it now stands. The hip culture is getting a little older now and most freaks have gotten thenselved pretty much together individually. It's about time we started getting it together collectively too. The main reason we became freaks in the first place was to change what was happening around us and to us because we just couldn't dig it any more. It's about time that we in Montreal started creating some alternatives to the structure we say we are opposed to. Logos is now running a newspaper, food coop, free clothes store and creab-pad. We should only be putting out a paper, but people need clothes and natural foods sold at wholesale prices and a place to sleep and hardly anyone else is doing anything in this city. We need free places to sleep, free clothes, free meals, free radio, free legal help, free dope, free schools, free love, free flicks, free theater, free music, free stores, free press and free services. How is all this free stuff possible? It's really pretty simple. All it takes is people caring enough about themselves and enough about other people to donate some time and maybe even a little money but mostly a lot of themselves. Starting is the key. You've got to begin somewhere sometime. Sure it's hard and it might even bum out and you've never done anything like this before and you're unsure and scared, but so an I, sisters and brothers, and so is almost everyone else I've ever met. We're all made of similar stuff, remember? But, the only way to do it is to try and no matter what happens something good will come out of it in the end because anything conceived in love will produce love - that's karma. More - support what is already born because that's the way to keep it alive. Bake some bread and lay it on Switchboard for the people. Offer your car to the Play your music at Mother Earth. Contribute some money to Legal Aid for a bail fund. Help paint what needs painting. Inform Drug Aid of any bad drugs and burns you encounter. Write an article for logos or help mail out papers. Give a deserter a place to crash. Smile at other freaks on the streets (remember, anyone can be a freak!). Whatever you're into. We need a community because we need to be together, not just individually together, but collectively. That's learning and growing and building and loving. That's living and that's where it's at.

AND IN THE END THE LOVE YOU TAKE IS EQUAL TO THE LOVE YOU MAKE!

Logos is starting 2 new community services. If you've got nomething to kuy or sell, to give away or if there's anothing you need, let us know and we'll put it in the paper FREE. Call 843-4623. ALSO, let us know what's happening in Montréal. We can be everywhere all the time, so if you know of something that's happening - anything people might be interested in - tell us so

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need. * * * Alex's Restaurant will o It's cheap and mecrobiotic and they' * * Happy birthday Dave. Sept. 30. *

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don't need, take what Oct. 8 at 3580 Lorene ng natural foods as well.

